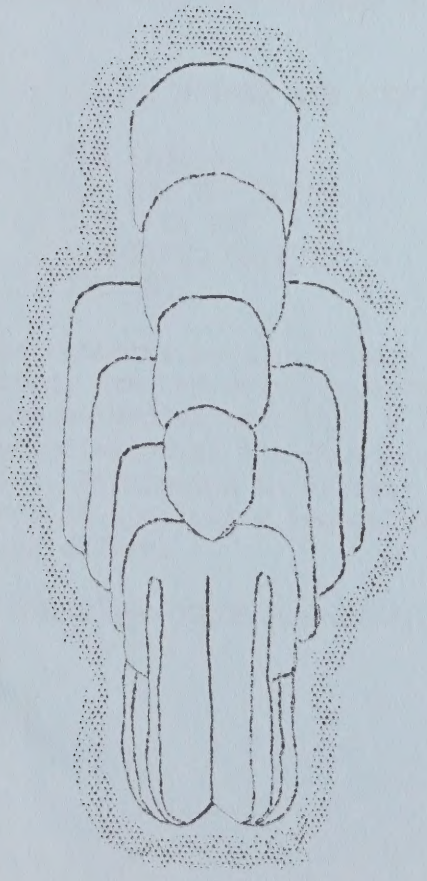
SEPTEMBER
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THE ADVANCE

The Advance is published by the inmates of Joyceville Institution in Kingston, Ontario.

Opinions expressed within this publication are those of the Author indicated and do not always agree with those of the Advance Staff or the Administration.

We of the Advance try to provide a means of communication between the Inmates of Joyceville Institution and the Administration, as well as the General Public. Our aim is to provide the inmate population with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world.

SEND ALL DONATIONS AND INQUIRIES TO:

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SEPTEMBER---OCTOBER---ISSUE.

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EDITORIAL

Communication is not something up in the air, a pleasant theory which solves all the problems and wipes out all the difficulties. Communicating is sharing oneself with another or others. It takes both faithfulness and practice to do it well, and even then it is not easy. This is one of the aims of the Joyceville "Advance". The Advance offers the inmate, his family, and other interested persons the opportunity to express themselves, to communicate with others. It also gives these people the chance to do something which is considerably more creative and responsible than some of our past experiences have been. Creativity and responsibility are two further aims of the Advance and we feel that by incorporating and combining these three concepts; creativity, communication and responsibility, we can publish the type of prison paper which will be beneficial to both the inmate's and the members of a freer society.

It will be beneficial to the inmate because it will allow him to grow, within himself, while he expresses and shares that self with others. He will have the opportunity to make his time serve him rather than serving the time. It will also be beneficial to our readers outside because it will also give them the opportunity to express their feelings as well as read, first hand, how a person reacts to incarceration. In this way both parties will gain from the experience.

The Advance, therefore, serves two purposes. First of all, it offers those who wish to use their time in a creative manner (such as writing) the means of communicating with others as well as allowing them to publish their works. Secondly, it gives others the opportunity to learn about and gain from our experiences here. It is my own personal belief that these are gainful means of using our time and also a way of sharing with others. There are numerous avenues open, to us, to employ our time positively and creatively and it is our hope that the Advance will be thought of as one of these avenues.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who helped with the preparation of this issue of the Advance. I will not attempt to name them all but I am sure that as you read on you will become aware of them. It is this type of participation and application of time that can be considered creative. I would also like to say that I have enjoyed working on this edition and look forward to putting together the Christmas issue.

REHABILITATION

by Reg Babcock

When we discuss the idea or concept of rehabilitation, we must keep in mind the meaning of the word. Rehabilitate means, "to restore to good condition or respectable position." When we think of rehabilitation, with this meaning, and look at its' application within the Canadian Penitentiary Service, we can see that it is, indeed, farcical. Anyone who believes that men are put into institutions to be rehabilitated should have a look inside of our prison's walls. Our prison's are nothing but warehouses, places where human beings are stored until such a time as our society feels that they should be released. There are various reasons for my saying this and I would like to mention a few.

First, as almost everyone knows, the only person capable of bringing about any type of change within himself or his beliefs and values, is that person himself, in this case, the inmate. If that person feels he wants to change; he will without any assistance from others. One misconception, held by a large number of people, is that the staff are helpful. In a few isolated cases, this is true, however, the majority simply play their little head games to cause more aggravation and bitterness. When denials of requests are given, it is very seldom that a reason for the denial is given and this, among other things, leaves the inmate in a sort of 'what's happening' state. "REHABILITATION IT IS NOT."

Another point I would like to make concerns that of what the inmate does with his time? For some reason or other, our work shops are being cut to the minimum (to the joy of our instructors). I wonder what they will do with the inmates. As it is, we go to work and sit around, doing nothing, and getting bored while doing it. Most, if not all, of the custom work we used to do has been stopped; the larger jobs, jobs which the institution has the equipment and manpower for, are being contracted out to companies outside of the institution. This is all well and good, it does create employment, at the expence of the taxpayer, but what of the inmate who wants to work, who has "time" to work and should really be occupied at something constructive. Does he just sit on his ass for two or three years waiting to be released???

Two knowledgable and experienced men have made statements in agreement with what I have just said. One, an ex-director of this Institution stated, "Joyceville is a Human Warehouse." The other, Mr. William Outerbridge, Chairman of the National Parole Board, stated that, " if a man gets out of prison and stays out, he has no one to thank but himself."

It is too bad that more people do not listen to and pay attention to such statements. I can only say, with regret, "REHABILITATION ??? "

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Due to unforeseen troubles with the mailing of our last issue we have not received as many letters and replies as we had hoped to; however, we have been fortunate in that some new subscribers have contacted us and asked to be added to our mailing list. Hopefully the mailing situation will be cleared up before the next issue is due to be released.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to have a sample copy of your paper, The Advance, for our library facilities here at Concordia University. I would also like some information concerning subscriptions and back volumes. Thank you for your help in this matter.

Sincerely,
Marvin Orbach
Librarian
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Marvin;

A copy is being sent to you, unfortunately we have no back issues as we usually print just enough to go around. There is no subscription fee for this paper but we do accept donations if you are so inclined. Thank you for writing.

-Editor-

Dear Editor;

I would like to receive a copy of your newspaper,"The Advance" and also if possible, be placed on your mailing list. Thank you.

Hopefully,
Mike McAllister
Oshawa, Ontario

Dear Mike;

Thank you for your letter. You have been added to the mailing list and if all goes well you should receive a copy in the mail before the end of October.

Hopefully,
-Editor-

Dear Editor;

We have a Women's Group which operates out of the John Howard Society in Ottawa, which offers various services to the women who have people in prison..Please find enclosed an article for your paper The Advance. Thank you for the copies that you send here.

Yours very truly,
Terry Moxness
Ottawa, Ontario

Dear Terry;

Thank you for your letter. We have printed your article below and hope that the fellas here will find it helpful. I am sure that there are quite a few people here who are unawares of your group and this will make them very happy.

Sincerely,
-Editor-

"Women's Group"

This group has been in operation for over two years and was formed to help women who have a member of their family or a loved one in prison.

SERVICES

(1) Transportation-

We have organized trips to the Kingston area from Ottawa once a week. These trips include visits to Joyceville, the Regional Reception Centre, Collin's Bay and Millhaven Institutions.

This transportation enables women to travel with a group of people who are experiencing the same thing and can provide a lot of support. The fee is minimal, $5.00 for the day to help defray the cost of the gas.

(2) Meetings

Meetings are held every Tuesday night at 7:30 P.M. at 319 Lisgar Street. These meetings provide the opportunity for women to get together and discuss any problems or issues that may arise due to imprisonment.

We also have speakers, movies and activities organized for these Tuesday night get-togethers. Some speakers we have had are representatives from Welfare, Mother's Allowance, Drug and Alcohol Addiction Foundation, Parole Service and many more. For those who do not enjoy group meetings, they may feel free to drop into the office any time between the hours of 8:30 A.M. and 4:00 P.M. five days a week to speak to someone on an individual basis. We can also arrange for someone to go to their home if they are not able to come into the office.

Contact Person: Terry Moxness--319 Lisgar St., Ottawa, Ontario--236-9793

NOT ALL CRIMINALS ARE ILL

by YVON DANDURAND
Professor, Department of Criminology
University of Ontario

(Editor's note: the following article is reprinted from the magazine, Canada's Mental Health)

It may seem strange, especially within the pages of a magazine like CANADA'S MENTAL HEALTH, to wonder why people persist in identifying the criminal as a sick person, a person who requires treatment or who must be rehabilitated. But since this magazine is planning to devote a special issue to delinquency and criminality, is it not logical to ask oneself frankly whether this question of crime and delinquency is really connected to the field of mental health and, if so, to what extent?

The vast majority of individuals suffering from some psychopathology commit no more crimes than so-called "normal people," also, the large majority of criminals known to authorities are as normal psychologically as our society allows them to be. These are facts that anyone willing to look around cannot avoid. Nonetheless a good many--too many-- specialists in the human sciences have chosen to ignore them. They go along with acceptance of the myth of "the criminal-as-mentally-ill" and they lend their backing to a system of crime control based on the medical model, on rehabilitation. Are these specialists so short of clients that they have to go after a "captive audience" that does not need to be "helped" and, what is more, finds itself deprived of the right to accept or refuse such ministrations ?

It is our claim that criminality is no more related to mental health than it is to dental health. There are no doubt some individuals in the criminal group who will present a need for psychological care, just as there will be some among them who will need to be seen by a dentist. This does not obviously make the dentist an expert in criminology. Criminology and psychopathology are two totally different phenomena and they are not manifested simultaneously in one individual except in a minimal number of cases.

Explanation of the criminal's motivation as the result of some individual pathology lies behind the correctionalist view and the medical model of treatment of offenders. We will seek here to examine the reasons behind the persistence of this inadequate model.

The medical model of treatment of crime and an explanation of criminal motivation as the result of individual pathology.

Crime, especially social treatment of crime, is not connected with the field of mental health, except to the extent that one accepts the explanation of criminal motivation in terms of psychopathology. In fact, if we do not hold to this etiological premise, we cannot uphold the medical model of dealing with

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crime, and if we do not hold with the model, we cannot claim that the control of crime lies within the realm of mental health. This etiological premise is, as we shall see, unrealistic, to say the least. It is, however, deeply rooted in our penal practice and even our criminal policies. This premise is, in fact, the basis for the "correctionalist view" (Matza, 1969) underlying most of society's reaction to crime and to criminals.

This etiological premise cannot, obviously, be questioned, except at the cost of a certain amount of criticism of the positive dogma that have until quite recently held sway in the study of the phenomenon of crime and the creation of models of dealing with that phenomenon. Within the positivist tradition there are three assumptions: first, it is assumed that the "causes" of the criminal phenomena are identifiable; secondly, that once identified, something can be done to reduce or eliminate criminality; and third, that the "causes" of the criminal phenomenon are themselves phenomena or states that are negative or undesirable, as if any phenomenon considered undesirable or bad could not be anything but the product of something else equally undesirable or bad. Thus the "causes" of crime are not typically sought in the area of normal functioning of individuals, groups, communities or institutions, but rather in the area of abnormalities, dysfunction and pathology. Seen in this way, the solution invented to deal with the "crime problem" consists of either treating the criminal-- attempting to rehabilitate him-- or modifying certain elements of his social context.

The correctionalist view is based on a specific conception of crime and criminals. This view takes the legal definition of crime for granted and sees criminal behavior as something irrational, apolitical and incompatible with psychological balance. It refuses to recognize the social and political character of the process of defining penal legislation (Lindsmith, 1965, Schur, 1971, Chambliss, 1969, Quinney, 1970; 1974) and to take into consideration the fact that any phenomenon of social control, including dealing with crime, is itself, to a large extent, a political phenomenon. Why must we necessarily consider an individual abnormal if he manifests, under certain conditions, a behavior dictated by his legitimate interests. Might it be solely because such behavior is officially defined by the state as criminal: Do we know that definitions of crime are relative, impermanent and sometimes even arbitrary: Why must is be that a person jailed for not paying a fine is necessarily worse off psychologically than one who was able to pay the fine and therefore avoid imprisonment? And if he is worse off, why not admit frankly that the troubles he has are probably due to the effects of imprisonment itself? Why stick obstinately to the theory that crime is necessarily a symptom of a psychopathology, when we know very well that:

1) studies of revealed criminality indicates clearly that all citizens at one time or another commit a relatively serious crime (committing crime is statistically normal behavior);

2) the individual who has made crime a career has been pushed toward it more by the intervention of a system of justice than by any other factor (the correctionalist model too often has the effect of stigmatising individuals and denying them any future chance of leading a normal social life);

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3) people may commit crimes out of pure ignorance of the law (ignorance of the law can hardly be considered an individual pathology);

4) some laws are unjust and needlessly encroach upon the rights of certain groups or individuals (does one have to be mentally ill to have the courage to defend one's rights?);

5) penal legislation is brought down not to define and prevent behavioral or mental health problems but clearly and explicitly to interdict certain behavior that is deemed unacceptable by a socially powerful group of individuals.

This attitude really makes no sense. A multitude of studies (Goring, 1913, Poterfield, 1946; Reiss and Rhodes, 1961; Sutherland, 1949 etc.) have succeeded in discrediting the idea that criminality would appear to be limited to specific groups with abnormal personal, psychological or social characteristics. The artificial dichotomy between "criminal" and "non-criminal" cannot be maintained. Even if we conclude that in a certain specific case criminal behavior may be symptomatic of individual pathology, we cannot persist in believing that crime is essentially a psychopathological phenomenon.

The medical model of treating crime was initially used as an analogy, in order to promote more humane treatment of criminals. The model increased in importance and gave rise to the "ideology of rehabilitation" (Allen, 1964), thus permitting the vast system for administration of justice to function as if crime were the symptom of psychopathology. Despite the fact that application of this model proved totally unrealistic for the vast majority of criminals and despite the numerous failures experienced during systematic attempts to apply the model, acceptance of it continues to the very present. As Lehman (1972) indicated in his article on the medical model of treatment, adoption of such a model in connection with crime seems to be based more on historical reasons than on the inherent value of the method. If the model still exists today, it is in large part due to the prestige and power of the medical proffession. The most dramatic thing about this situation is that unconditional acceptance of this model and of the idealof rehabilitation has considerably retarded the development of a rational policy or strategy of dealing with crime by providing correctional administrators with the means to rationalize their failures and maintain the status quo.

We believe that it is high time for specialists in the area of mental health to recognize the limitations of the model of treatment that has justified their presence in the field of corrections and to stop being used as a "front", an excuse for a system of control of human behavior, pursuing the objective not of mental health but of repression of socially undesirable behavior (whether psychologically and medically normal or not).

Some would like to see in this last statement a simple quarrel between advocates of two different disciplines. But there is much more to it than that. It is understood that in studying the criminal phenomenon, sociologists first see the social phenomenon, political scientists a political one, psychologists a

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psychological one, and so on. This is generally considered perfectly normal and has traditionally been used as the principal arguement of those holding with a multidimentional approach to criminality. What is much less clear, as certain eminent criminologists have pointed out. (Taylor et al. 1973) is that even the most outmoded conceptions, those least of use for explaining criminality, no matter with which of these disciplines they originate, still persist and, in some cases,--despite their ridiculous pretentions--enjoy a certain favour with the public and especially with the people responsible for administration of justice.

Explanation of criminal motivation as a phenomenon of psychopathology is one of the most preposterous of all these theories. How can it be that it has played and continues to play such an important role in criminal policy and the administration of justice ? We would like to suggest here some of the elements of an answer to this question, a question that to us seems essential both for the specialist in the area of mental health and for the criminologist.

It is relatively easy to understand why the medical model for dealing with crime and its theoretical basis (a concept of criminal behavior as a symptom of individual pathology) have known such success with the public and with administrators and others responsible for the system of penal justice. Some of the reasons for this success point out the troublesome consequences of the application of the model and demonstrate how the model and those who apply it serve as a "front" to a repression that is much less rational than they would like to believe.

The first reason for the success of explaining criminal behavior as a pathological phenomenon and of the treatment model that this explanation has brought about, lies in the fact that such an explanation is a good camouflage of the eminently political reality of the phenomenon of social control. The first political reality of the criminal phenomenon concerns the definition of crime. Some behaviors are forbidden, that is, defined as criminal by the dominant social groups or those that are politically powerful. This process of definition is itself political and one of its objectives is dominance of less socially powerful groups (Chambliss, 1969; Quinney, 1974). The more the domination in question can be presented as legitimate, rational and in the interests of the majority, the more effective it will be. Explanation of criminal behavior as a pathological phenomenon is a precious tool in the rationalization and legitimation of a repression that first and foremost serves political ends.

Secondly, such an explanation allows the true motivation of those who are so anxious to define certain behaviors as criminal to remain unquestioned. The medical model of treatment of crime, since it takes for granted the legal definition of crime, may be used without fear of the rationality of the model being challenged.

Thirdly, explanation of crime as a pathological phenomenon allows us to remove any appearance of legitimacy from the behaviour of the individual labelled as criminal. The explanation can consequently be of use in discrediting the protests of the victims of social control who have become aware of the political character of the repression that they are undergoing. Those who hold with the medical

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model of treating criminals refuse to recognize the political character of the repression they impose. One example of this refusal might be found in the attitude of certain professionals toward the growing politicization of the victims of the penal system. Brody (1974), for instance, speaks of the "political prisoner syndrome" and indicates how difficult it is for members of the psychiatric staff of a detention facility to change the behaviour of individuals who consider themselves victims of a repressive system. It does not seem that the idea that these people may really be victims of a system could have crossed the mind of the practitioner. However, everything would seem to indicate that these people are in some ways the victims of a discriminatory system (the overpresentation of certain minority social groups in the prisons, the fact that business "white collar" crimes are not considered really "crimes" etc.).

Fourthly, the explanation of crime as a pathological phenomenon has enjoyed great success because it adds support to the belief that only an "abnormal" creature would contravene the law and because it legitimizes the rigour of the social reaction to this form of deviance.

Fifthly, this same explanation and the dichotomy that it arbitrarily maintains between the criminal and the non-criminal allows one and all to see themselves as essentially different from the criminal and to justify the ostracism of the criminal.

Finally, the persistence of the medical model of treating crime can be explained by the fact that it is defended tooth and nail by a group of specialists who have already been allowed to set themselves up a nice comfortable empire. Too many people have too much invested in the application of this model to allow it to be challenged. These people are perhaps the least capable of judging its weaknesses.

As you can see, explanation of the criminal phenomenon as the result of a dysfunction of an individual pathology of some sort, serves numerous functions within society and its system of social control. No doubt this is what explains its continuing survival in defiance of all logic.

Toward a criticism of the role played by mental health specialists in the area of corrections.

When the evolution of our correctional system is examined, there is little doubt that the medical model of treatment has never been either seriously or systematically applied. It has instead served as a means of rationalizing a certain status quo and of justification--with the help of a new terminology and a new series of euphemisms--of the repressive practices already in existence. Typically, what is called "treatment" within a correctional system is nothing more than a series of administrative procedures (Lehman, 1972).

As long as the aims of the correctional system are defined vaguely in terms of "rehabilitation", and "treatment of individuals", administrators and others in the system can use the word "treatment" for any and all administrative procedures and forms of repression that they fancy. As long as the true goals of the

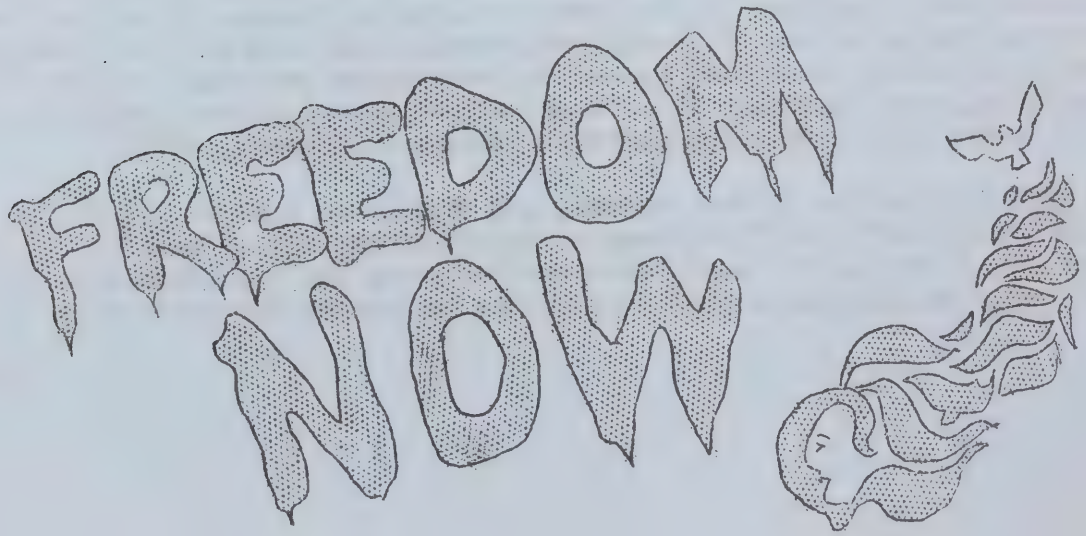
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correctional system are not clearly defined, very little can be accomplished in the way of progress. It is therefore obvious that rehabilitation or treatment of the criminal cannot be a legitimate goal of the correctional process, except in a very restricted number of cases (that is, cases in which the criminal behaviour is a symptom of individual pathology).

When we state that crime is not essentially related to the field of mental health, we do so not because we could claim that the medical model of treatment is ineffective, but because it is clear that this model ought not to apply to more than a very limited number of cases. The fact that the medical model of treatment is appropriate in the case of certain criminals does not justify the way in which this model has been abused, nor the rationalization of injustice that has been given free rein through that abuse. A large part of the clientele of the correctional system has but one need--social justice--a need that no form of "treatment" can meet. Another part of the clientele consists of individuals who have taken a calculated risk and have decided to break the law; this is a risk that we almost all of us take at some point in our lives, but they have been caught and have to face up to the consequences of their actions. In such cases, do these individuals not have the inalienable right to face up to the consequences of their actions without anyone needlessly attacking their human dignity and their fundamental rights? In such cases there is a final question to be asked, in as much as we recognize the right to mental health as an inalienable right for any individual. This question is: HOW CAN A CORRECTIONAL SYSTEM THAT IS APPARENTLY SO CONCERNED ABOUT MENTAL HEALTH ALLOW ITSELF TO FORCE INDIVIDUALS TO SUBMIT TO CONDITIONS OF DETENTION THAT ARE A SERIOUS THREAT TO THEIR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HEALTH ? And how can it be that specialists within this sytem, if they really have the preservation of their clients' mental health at heart, do not vehemently oppose such a situation.

The role of mental health specialists within the correctional system abounds with contradictions and it is regrettable that a serious criticism of this role has not yet materialized.

****



IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM

The very air is reactionary...
The wind wants retribution....
The light of day is revolting...
The material shine intimidates...
The whole universe seems soaked in revolt...
The world is split not solitary...
The rhetorical question can not be answered...

The people have lost their integrity...
The children have no interceptor god is lost...
The esteem of man is interdicted...
The voice of respect no longer has a razz...
The masses revel in vengeance upon themselves...
The intellectual knowledge is bursting forth
into solitude...

And me I'm under it all mumbling soliloquies...

"MY LAND"

My land is my birth
my land is my life
not my prison,
my children are my hope
not my death,
my people are flowers that
grow and open to the wind;
my day is of innocence
not of guilt.

My land is my first love
like my woman,
my land is my color, my art,
my land is my will to give
to the sun, the moon, the rain,
and the cold,
each day is like the season of
spring, the beginning of life.

My land is my law my hunting
ground, my pride, my end.

My land is not the color of
my eyes, the blackness of my hair
my land is me, my laughter, my
sadness, my nature,
all I have to share.

Stafford Lake

RAIN...DROPS

by Stafford Lake

Did you ever kiss a rain-bow
on a snowy day?
Did you catch a rain-drop
in the flower of your hand?

Snowflakes melting on the
brow of your soul....
rain-drops and gardens
children and dreams—walking
in the summer rain...

Wrestling in the snow fields
of your mind -
Wiggling in wet clothes by
the fireside of your being....
caressing the autumn leaves
of you.

Waiting for the gardens - the
spring time wetness of a
summer stream.

The falling star of the virgin
night;
in awe of your loneliness,
that only I can touch in
the rain-drops of your mind.

You are my tree that fashions
It's own flowers after a winter's
storm.
You are the rain, the gentle snow
- the warm, star filled forest....

Doing Time on the Outside - The Prison Widow

by Sonia Osborne

(Copyright Reserved 1976)

In describing in my mind over and over again the shock and horror of a court-room sentencing that saw, against all advice and information given us, my dearest and closest friend given a ten-year sentence for a crime that yeilded another more "co-operative" man eighteen months in a provincial reformatory, I saw a reality decending upon me --the wife left behind -- as black and lonely as any period of mourning caused by death.

In those first few months of shock and numbness, in which you try through work and sleep, to deny the reality of such a lengthy and defined seperation, you finally realize that you've joined the ranks of those wives and mothers, the afterbirth of the courtroom conception, that weds your husband to the company of other men, that leaves you to go it alone.

For myself and several other prison widows I've talked to, the feeling is best described by a strange and solitary poetess, Emily Dickinson, in her poem My Life Closed Twice Before Its Close.

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell;
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

We only begin to cope when we accept that a part of our life has closed, is truly over. We only start to give a shell-shocked existence essence when we accept that closing, and embryonically start a new kind of living.

Consider with me, if you will, the plight of the prison widow. Women, unless endowed with beauty, wealth, or unscrupulousness are essentially second class citizens to begin with. Studies of wages, social attitudes, employment inequalities etc... verify this point. "Criminals" (we are essentially not speaking of white collar criminals; they are societies success stories. We are speaking of blue collar criminals; you know the ones who don't have enough money. political clout, or family connections to buy their way out) criminals are essentially viewed by the man on the street as an assortment of "losers, bums, deviants," In a society that gives primary status to the women in terms of whom she has married, consider the status then of the wife of the above.

In a recent study conducted by W5, of the man-in-the-street's attitude towards capital punishment specifically and criminals generally, the majority of judgements were harsh and punitive. As one immigrant Canadian from Britain succinctly put it, "Well I mean, we feed 'em and clothe 'em in nice warm, cosy jails,eh...with colour T.V. an everything; I haven't no colour T.V. me that's been working in this country twenty-seven years, and then we gotta support their wives and kids if you can call 'em that, they're not really married you know, shacked up they are so they can cheat welfare, and we're supporting 'em while their kids are growing up to be just like their fathers; no good bums." A harsh and cruel stereotype you say? Indeed, but isn't that the way it is perceived by some. And so the companion stereotype for the woman married to the loser, bum, or deviant is one of a poor woman, unable to support her family, and therefore a burden on society. Emotionally and psychologically she is valued less, for what kind of a woman is she if she loves the likes of that?

Socially the wife of an inmate (and I'm using the term wife to indicate the intimacy of the relationship, rather than a defined legal state) is an oddity, unless she socializes primarilly with other men and women who understand or who have had criminal histories. But suppose she isn't, or can't, or doesn't want to be. A widow whose husband has died receives sympathy and attention when she re-enters social living as a single woman. People tfy generally, to include her, to invite her, to help her adjust to her new status. Unlike her sistered widow, the prison widow receives little or no sympathy, indulgence, and understanding. My personal experience and observation is that she is held in an uncomfortable disrespect by most straight, middle-class persons; she is held in contempt by some; and observed by others with kinky curiosity. Still others sensing the loneliness and vulnerability of the woman seeks to exploit and manipulate her. The least said about these kind of emotional, sexual and psychological predators, the better.

And so, in a society that advertises the couple as the ideal--from Labatt's commercials, to building that dream home together, to mutual retirement-- the prison widow is an irritating and uncomfortable reminder of what is not ideal in society and relationships. The October Crisis should be a warning to all people that individual freedom in this country is on very fragile and precarious ground; but so many choose not to see. Women without men, we loom like the grim reaper exposing the plastic fabric of the great Canadian dream-- that sorrow, seperation, aloneness and is the reality that does not go away no matter how much Tide, F.D.S. or Channel Number Five, we use-- we represent you see, the human existential condition that North America tries so desperately to avoid admitting exists.

And for those of us who choose to stand by our husbands, for as many reasons as there are individuals within our ranks, we also serve his sentence--again and again, in missed opportunities, unshared moments, Christmases come and go without Dad. If we were army widows, or the wives of Prisoners of War we would be given some moral and social stature. On our side of the tracks however the stereotype prevails-- they must be the activities of obsessive, insecure, social mal-contents. The individual story of courage or tragedy does not seem to matter. All yields to the stereotype. She is no better than that which she lives with. And the societal 'we' all know what he is.

The real questions are not asked. Is he innocent? Is he that guilty? Did he deserve that kind of sentence? Was the crime real? Is there a relationship there that could essentially be far more "rehabilitative"? Couldn't an alternative to incarceration be found?

The Canadian public ignorant consciously or unconsciously of white collar crimes, plea bargaining, the bureaucratic mess of the Federal penal system, alcoholic judges appointed for life, over-ambitious crown attornies, a non-functioning Bill of Rights, regional and provincial judicial disparities, and the multiplicities and varying needs and inadequacies within the personalities of the offenders themselves-- closes its ears and eyes to the real reality in this theatre of the absurd-- that SOCIETY IS A REFLECTION OF THEMSELVES. It says rather, and especially in a time of moral and economic uncertainty, "Lock away those parts of myself that I don't want to see or deal with."

The blight on the landscape are the children and women left behind, as reminders of the tragic waste of human potentiality and talent. And if as Christians and humanists Mr. and Mrs. Canada were to look and claim ownership they would see the faces of their own sons and daughters. They would see in the woman and children serving time outside the walls that we don't fit the stereotype. We're not all illiterate and socially inadequate. We probably read and study moral and political issues more than you. When the rest of Canada was shocked at the infringement upon human rights of so many innocent during the October Crisis, we smiled, because we'd been there before through years of paroles revoked without appeals, paroles revoked without explanation, parole denied because of suspicion; employment denied because of a criminal record; pardons delayed because of bureaucratic bungling; dead time served; unnecessary and sadistic sentencing.

We are from all classes and occupations. We're mothers, nurses, homemakers, teachers, researchers, secretaries and former clerics. We are recognized by our awkward aloneness and our eyes... and if I may say it quietly in closing, by our own kind of courage and honesty. We are what we are as individuals and collectively, and I for one, am not apologetic. While I do not condone what my husband did or did not do, I can understand his frailty,, avarice, or youth, his guilt of innocence. And I understand that his avarice, frailty, youth, guilt or innocence exists in each one of us, and in me. I can also believe that as surely as I am capable of growth, compassion, and humanity, he is capable of the same.

I am He.
He is You.
We are Society.

In times of troubled aloneness when the cruelty and purposelessness of our situation cripples I draw strength from the last line of John Milton's beautiful poem <u>On His Blindness.</u>

<u>"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."</u>

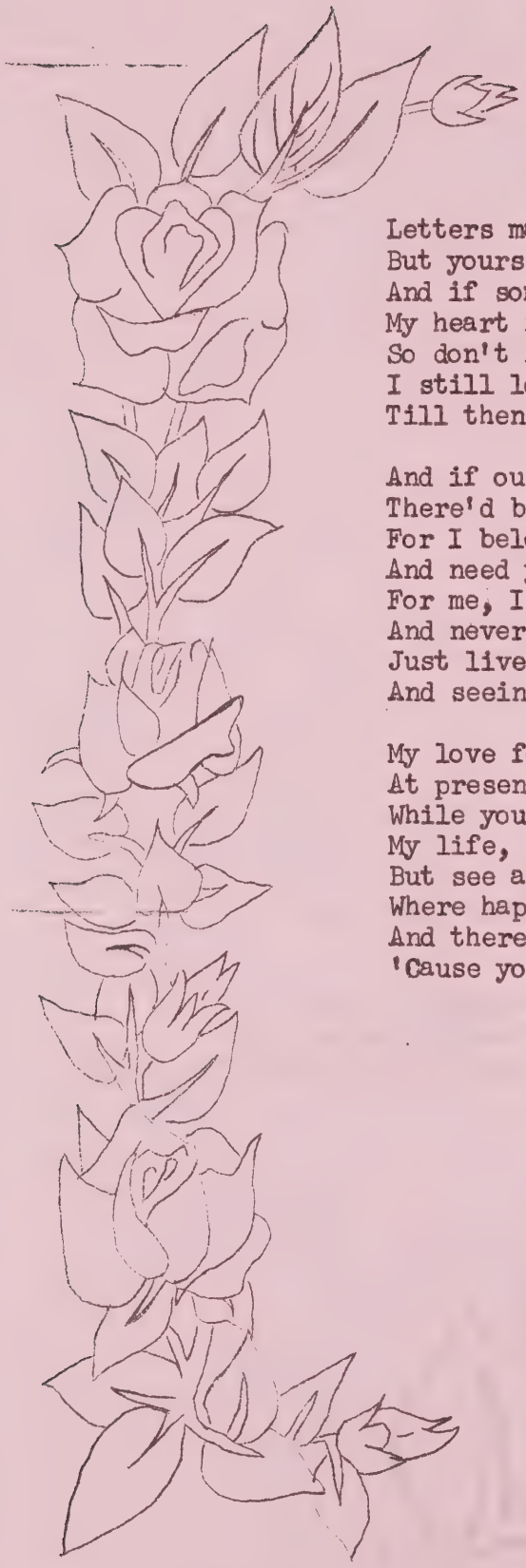


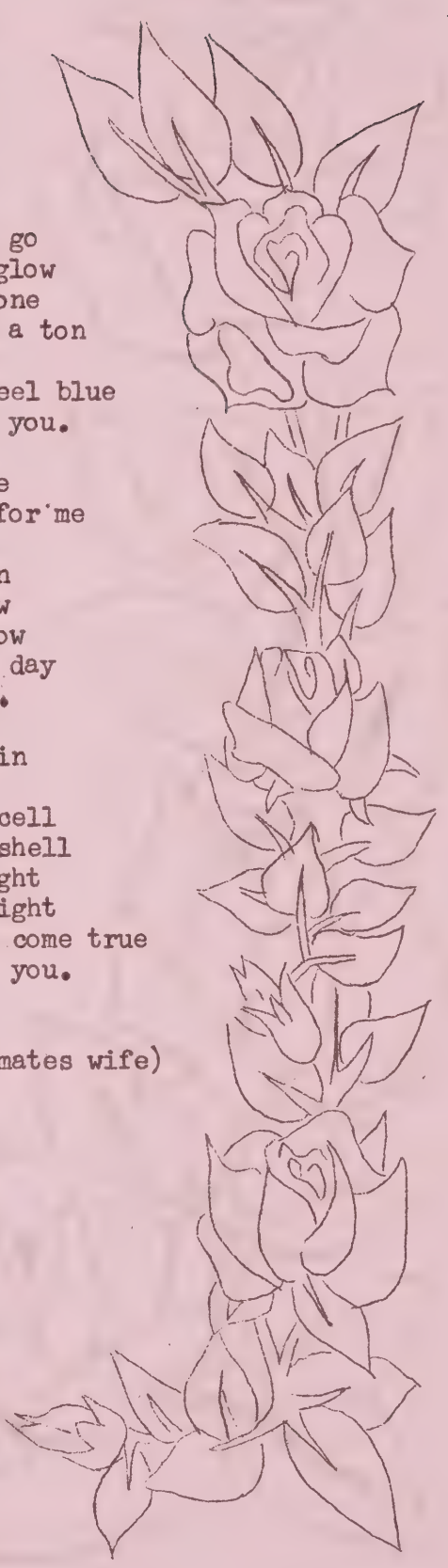
REFLECTIONS

On the surface of a swift-flowing stream the reflections of things near or far are always indistinct; even if the water is clear and has no foam, reflections in the constant stream of ripples, the restless kaleidoscope of water, are still uncertain, vague, incomprehensible.

It is the same with our lives. If so far we have been unable to see clearly or to reflect the eternal lineaments of truth, is it not because we too are still moving towards some end-because we are still alive?

-Solzhenitsyn-





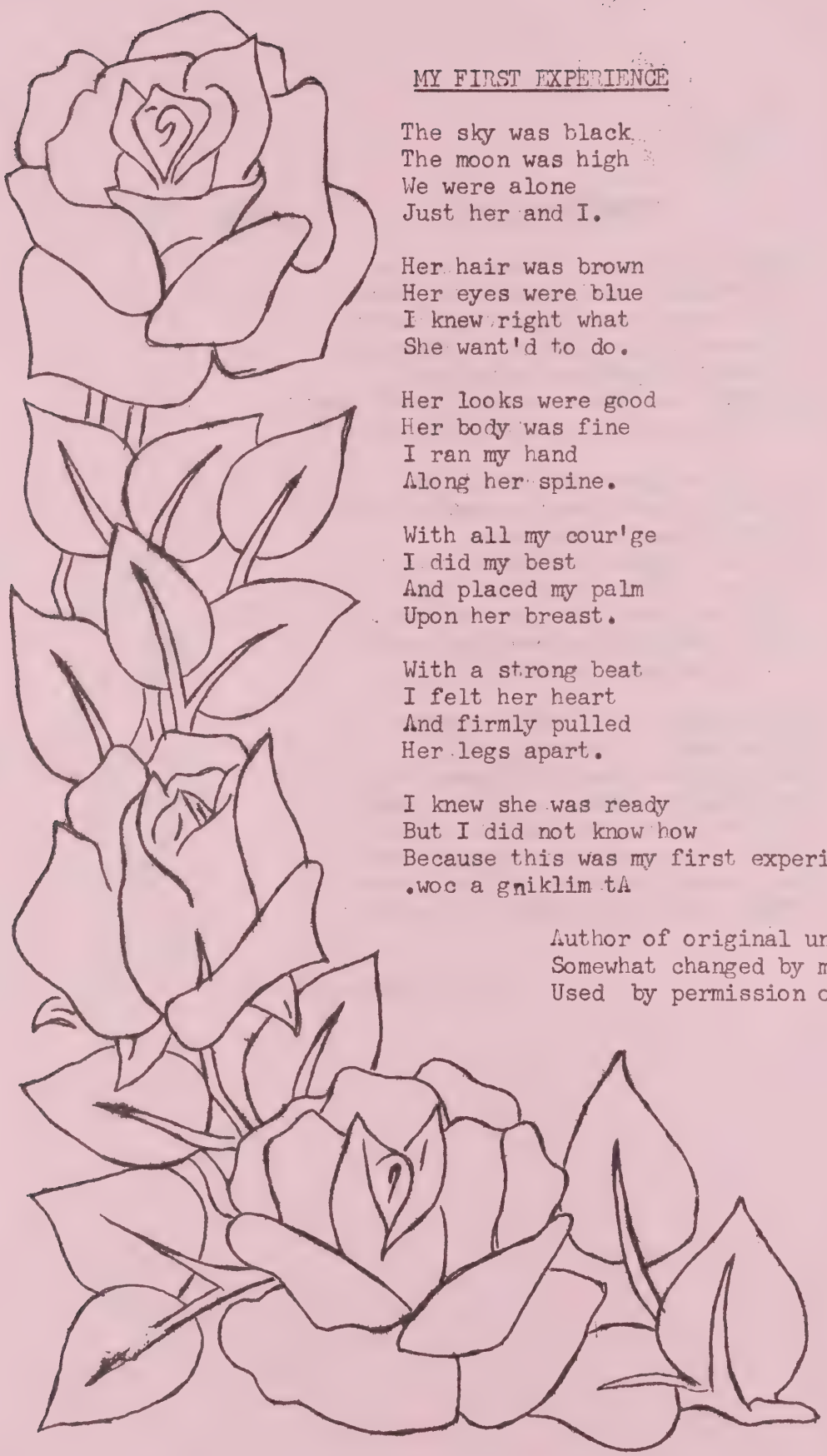
POEMS FROM G TO E

Letters may come, letters may go
But yours my darling make me glow
And if some days I don't get one
My heart feels like it weighs a ton
So don't forget to always say
I still love you - so don't feel blue
Till then my love I'm missing you.

And if our love were not to be
There'd be no place on earth for me
For I belong to you alone
And need your hand upon my own
For me, I'll go along like now
And never care the where or how
Just live my life from day to day
And seeing only skies of gray.

My love for you I can't explain
At present it is mostly pain
While you sit lonely in your cell
My life, too dear, is just a shell
But see ahead, the distant light
Where happiness is burning bright
And there our dreams will all come true
'Cause you love me and I love you.

(An inmates wife)



MY FIRST EXPERIENCE

The sky was black
The moon was high
We were alone
Just her and I.

Her hair was brown
Her eyes were blue
I knew right what
She want'd to do.

Her looks were good
Her body was fine
I ran my hand
Along her spine.

With all my cour'ge
I did my best
And placed my palm
Upon her breast.

With a strong beat
I felt her heart
And firmly pulled
Her legs apart.

I knew she was ready
But I did not know how
Because this was my first experience
.woc a gniklim tA

Author of original unknown
Somewhat changed by misc. ed.
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MY CREATE-A-CRIMINAL KIT

Gerald P. Wittman

Among other things, this is a do-it-yourself age. With the help of the Better Homes and Gardens Handyman's Guide even you can learn to carpenter, wire your attic, hang wall paper like an expert, lay a patio, plaster a wall, or turn your basement into a luxurious bar.

I have also developed a do-it-yourself kit. It is much simpler to use than the Better Homes and Gardens Handyman's Guide since you don't have to lay out any money for new tools or equipment...you are already adequately supplied with everything you need to do the job.

Basically, this is the way the thing works. You take a kid...just an ordinary garden variety kid that you can find in almost any home. It seems to work better if you take a ghetto kid or a poor kid but if you can't find one of these, it will work about as well with a middle class kid if you handle things right.

Now you take this young fellow (about age five or six) and put him into the standard school system. One thing you'll notice about kids of this age is that they are extraordinarily full of wiggle and noise. If you remember the school system of your own boyhood, you'll remember that wiggle and noise was not a particularly favored activity. You'll be glad to know...in case you've wondered that it still isn't allowed in very many places. Since wiggle and noise is disapproved behavior, teachers watch very carefully to see that the kids don't do any spontaneous things like speaking without permission, doing anything but sitting in the precise rows designated by teacher, or reading Superman comics instead of the ever fascinating story about See Jane. See Spot. See Spot run.

I see you have been alert and followed me closely thus far. That's good, because we are coming to phase one of your Create-a-Criminal Kit.

Most kids are quick to learn the requirements of the school system and you... being familiar with modern day corrections... will be familiar with many of the rules because they may be common to some settings in which you may have worked. These requirements...for those of you who may have forgotten... are: speak only when you are told to speak, don't challenge the teacher's authority in any way, learn to sit in those straight rows of chairs about five hours daily, and above all...don't wiggle except during the approved wiggle periods. These are called recess.

Now, in spite of everything you do, there'll be some non-conformists among these kids who will talk without warning or prior permission or who will wiggle outside of the regularly scheduled wiggle periods. If you handle it right, these kids are the raw material for your Create-A-Criminal Kit.

(con't)

So here is what you do. Let us say you spot a wiggler. And just for the sake of giving him a name, let us call him Willy. Now, if you are using my kit properly you will speak sharply to Willy when he wiggles and, in keeping with modern educational methods, you will make an entry into Willy's record folder. Well, if you're really a professional you can't just say Willy talked or wiggled, so you put it in acceptable professional terms and say Willy has a short attention span. Don't you agree that sounds better than saying Willy is a wiggler?

For those of you who may have been taking notes...don't put your pencils away. There's more to it than this. Even now you can't send a man to prison for having wiggled in kindergarden. But...you have a start.

Now Willy progresses through first..second..third..maybe fourth grade. Since each new teacher in turn has read Willy's kindergarden folder, each new teacher mentally notes..."Aha! I got a wiggler...with a short attention span yet." Then because you are looking for the wiggles, you begin to see other things that are strange about Willy...like maybe he's nervous about being watched for signs of wiggles. So, if you an alert teacher, you add some more lines in Willy's record like..."Willy seems abnormally anxious and shows signs of incipient character disorder."

This still isn't enough to send a guy up for five to ten so you keep watching Willy. Then comes your big break. One day as Willy's class is filing out of the school for fire drill, one of Willy's school buddies gives him a playful "goose" after which Willy turns on his buddy and gives him a child-sized right hook smack in the kisser. Without delay, teachers descend from all quarters and Willy is hauled off to the principal's office.

After an appropriate tongue lashing, a new entry goes into Willy's now thickening record folder. Does it say "following an unexpected 'goose' Willy turned on the gooser and gave him a sharp smack in the mouth?" If you think so, you are definately not of professional caliber. By now you should know what goes in Willy's record.

What goes in reads something like this... "Willy shows evidence of anti-social attitudes, assaultive tendencies, and seriously disrupted school fire safety procedures." Now this really has some meat on it and it guarantees that every new teacher and new school that gets Willy in the future will be watching out for further evidence of Willy's deviancy.

But you get the picture. Willy is marked. What started out as a seemingly minor case of the wiggles in kindergarden...which may actually have been due to the presence of pinworms...is now assaultive and anti-social behavior.

By this time, Willy is also getting the picture. When he got to Junior High the principal greeted him with a warning..."Willy, you better keep your nose clean or else..." Eventually, since Willy's self-concept is at least partly what he sees reflected in the attitudes of others toward him, an inner transition has been taking place. Willy is now beginning to regard himself as trouble with a capital T. Once he accepts this view of himself, then he starts to act on the expectations of the people who have judged him.

(con't)

Depending of the degree of Willy's creativity, he may simply "bug" his teachers, truant from school, or maybe do a little window breaking. If that is less than satisfying, there are always more exciting things. Breaking and entering, drinking, pot smoking, or joyriding with the principal's car are other options. This, as you may be aware, can get you more than just another entry in your school record folder.

It's this latter form of activity which attracts the attention of the police and the next thing you know they are saying..."Willy,won't you join us in a visit to the juvenile court?" Everyone knows it is bad manners not to go when the police invite you to a social function of this importance and so Willy goes.

The judge...in the manner of judges everywhere...looks at Willy, the evidence presented by the police, and the social study (which includes comments from Willy's school record) tells the judge that so far Willy seems to be trouble with a capital T. The judge now adds a new letter and says, "Willy, I pronounce you delinquent with a capital 'D'"and away goes Willy to a training school.

Now even though my Create-A-Criminal Kit has worked quite well up to now, you shouldn't get too overconfident. In spite of everything, there are some perverse kids that will come out of training school, finish high school, get a job, get married, and start raising kids like the rest of us. Bit if the directions in my kit are followed this won't happen too many times.

When Willy gets back to the community you'll find it helpful to roust him out of bed everytime anything happens in his neighbourhood. Question him every chance you get. Tell him he can't associate with other delinquents but make sure that everyone who might employ him knows Willy is a "risk". Eventually Willy gets the idea about what is expected of him and if he's crossed the magic age threshold into adulthood his next caper is a crime.

Now, one more visit to the criminal court judge, and your Create-A-Criminal Kit is complete. So Willy who has trouble with a capital T, and delinquent with a capital D, is now criminal with a capital C. And just think... it all started with a few pinworms and a wiggly kid back in kindergarden.

You are thinking that I'm pulling your leg. Perhaps so..but maybe not as much as you think. But what I am saying is this: Let's be extremely careful about predicting delinquency in certain children. The self-fulfilling prophecy is too much a reality to be ignored. Even if we do see behavior which we think will result in delinquency at some later time, we will do that child a significant favor if we emphasize whatever positives we can see rather than noting only his negative characteristics. Somehow, I wish there were someway we could get away from the record that follows each child from class to class and school to school. I think if each teacher had to discover for his or herself the attributes of each child, a child who might have stirred an unfavorable reaction with one teacher might have found support from another. Children are too important to be marked with dossiers before they've had a chance to grow and be themselves.

(con't)

How important is this problem? A news item of some months ago reported this: Teachers in a particular school tried a new idea. Instead of only writing notes to parents when a kid did something wrong, they wrote notes or phoned the parents when a kid did something right.

Parents who got calls from the school sometimes said, "What's he done now?" When they learned that their boy did something right like helping to shovel snow from school walks, they didn't know what to say but they were all happy and relieved about it. Kids reported the favorable calls had vastly improved their relationships with parents and criticism dropped and more trust developed.

Another item...perhaps more typical...is about an inmate demonstration;

> "It would be unthinkable to let these prisoners believe they could achieve their objectives by threats, demands and violence. They must be made aware at all times that they are offenders against society; it is not the other way around."

If crowded conditions, inability to get a parole hearing, and inability of the weaker prisoners to protect themselves against perverts and musclemen isn't an offence against them by society, I don't know what is. But the editor is saying to them: "Sit straight in your seats and don't wiggle... and above all, don't complain because you are Criminals...a class apart."

One more quote and then I'll wind it up. This one from the September 14,1969, New York Times Magazine. Reporting on a conference between judges, correctional staff, and prisoners, one official commented:

> "Nobody understands us; nobody appreciates what we're doing. We're sitting on the lid of a garbage can keeping the garbage off the streets."

If you believe people are garbage you treat them like garbage...and what's worse...they behave accordingly. One prisoner at the same meeting said this:

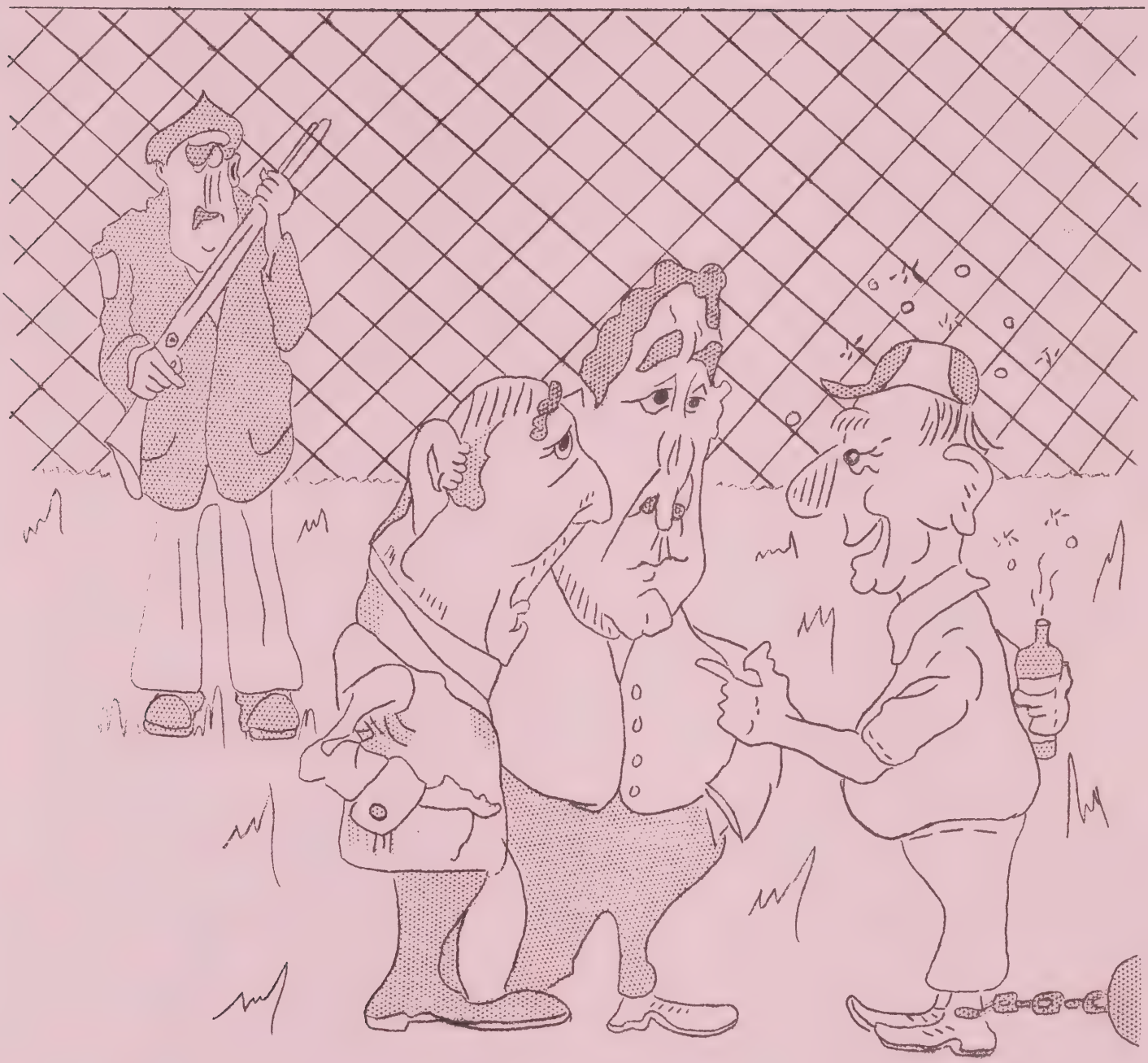
> "You'd better realize that the only way you're going to help prepare us to make it on the outside so that we don't come back in is by beginning to show that you trust us a little. That's the name of the game."

That was Willy the Wiggler talking fifteen years later.

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"Crime cannot be hindered by punishment; it will always find some shape and outlet, unpunishable or unclosed. Crime can only be truly hindered by letting no man grow up a criminal--by taking away the will to commit sin; not by mere punishment of its commission. Crime, small and great, can only be truly stayed by education--not the education of the intellect only, which is, on some men, wasted, and for others mischievous; but education of the heart, which is alike good and necessary for all.

-John Ruskin-



By: Ivan '77 ©

"WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE THEY GAVE ME A COMB---
THEN THEY CUT OFF MY HAIR!!!
NEXT THEY GAVE ME A TOOTHBRUSH AND---
THEY PULLED OUT ALL MY TEETH!!!
FINALLY, THEY GAVE ME A JOCKSTRAP AND---
I WENT U.A.L.!!!



SCHOOL GRADUATION

Early in 1974, a small group of persons, attached to the educational department at Joyceville Institution, proposed a bold, new plan to revitalize its faltering academic system. Essentially the plan was to bring two academic communities together, namely the prison school and St. Lawrence College, a Kingston, Ontario community college, and in the manufacture, provide a greater, more comprehensive educational opportunity for any who desired it. This plan was realized in its fullest extent on August 24, 1977 when the school at Joyceville Institution held their annual graduation.

The ceremonies were started with a short prayer delivered by Reverend Mitchell. This was followed by an opening speech from Mr. J. Corrigan, Assistant Director of Occupational Development. During his speech, Mr. Corrigan explained that the school program, in Joyceville, requires a large amount of dedication on the part of the students and that, in essence, each individual has his own program set up. This makes the teachers, instructors, and supervisors jobs a little bit more exacting than it would in normal surroundings, however, both the St. Lawrence teachers and instructors as well as the institutional personnel are dedicated to the principles of education.

Ms. Una Rigley, the Principal of St. Lawrence College, Kingston Campus, was introduced at this point. Ms. Rigley spoke for a few moments on the values of an education and also mentioned how pleased she was to be involved in the Joyceville-St. Lawrence programs. We would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to Ms. Rigley for attending this function as well as to the other teachers, from St. Lawrence College, who gave up their time to attend.

A special thank you is also extended to Mr. Al Dunitz, Supervisor of Education, who was very instrumental in the organizational process for this day, and also to Mr. Doug Wood who acted as the escort for the day. Mr. Wood was on hand at the Sally Port to greet the visitors and escort them back to the school area.

The afternoon was successful in that it provided the inmates with the opportunity to socialize with the teachers and instructors on a more relaxed basis. It was also good because it allowed the inmates wives, girlfriends, mothers or other invited guests to participate. This is the first time that the inmates families have been allowed to attend a function of this nature and we would like to thank all those who worked and participated on this day.

-School Committee-

CHURCH NEWS

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

by Rev. "Mitch" Mitchell

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life" says the Lord.

Try to find a road, leading to a new address, without a good map, and you may lose your way, or you may hesitate at a cloverleaf turn and cause a traffic pile-up. However, if there was someone in the car ahead of you, leading the way to your destination, then it would be a simple matter of following the lead car.

When Jesus said, when He walked in the flesh, on this earth, "I am the Way...", He was saying that he was in the lead car, for us to follow through all the highways and by-ways of our daily living. Some people, today, do not know that He is "the way"; some have heard, but do not trust him; while those who have risked to believe, have never been disappointed, and know he is really "the Way."

These days there are many voices and words telling us, on billboards, radio, magazines, and T.V. what kind of right choices we should be making. With all this information coming at us, from all directions, it is hard to know what to believe and what is true and false.

When Jesus said, "I am the Truth...", he meant that true authority comes from God. It is only by hearing and seeing the Word of God that we will know what to believe. Telling the truth may not seem to be very important; however, Jesus said that we only stay alive by the truth. "Man does not live by bread only, but by every Word that proceeds out of the mouth of the Lord." The "Word" means "Truth". It only takes a few people who have strong convictions about being truthful to save mankind and civilization from destruction. "I am the Way and the Truth," he says.

We, in Canada, all have something in common, in that we are continually trying to "do" something. We seem to forget that it is just as important to "be" something or some person. We can never sit still for a long period. We are known by our ability to play hockey, or football, or to run a business. Jesus showed that real living, which he sometimes called the "abundant life", doesn't just come by hard work and doing things, although that is very important. Real living is also "being" somebody. We so often forget that other people know us by whether we are happy, honest, kind, generous, and loving, instead of just being successful. That is the abundant life, living for God and living for others; in this way we are "being" and "doing" and thereby "living".

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," he says.



THE PRISONER'S DREAM

I DREAM THAT I AM A BIRD,
FAR OFF IN THE YONDER SKI,
I FLY ON GOLDEN WINGS
TO LIVE AND NEVER DIE.

I LIVE AMID THE CLOUDS
FREE ON GLORIOUS WINGS
I FEEL THE DARK OF THE NIGHT
THE PEACE THE SUN WILL BRING.

TO FLEE MY PRISON WORLD,
DEAR GOD, THAT THIS COULD BE
OH, WRETCHED DREAM OF FLIGHT
I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM ME.

-ANON-





I WAS HUNGRY

I WAS HUNGRY,
AND YOU FORMED A HUMANITIES CLUB AND
DISCUSSED MY HUNGER.

I WAS IMPRISONED,
AND YOU CREPT OFF QUIETLY
TO YOUR CHAPEL
AND PRAYED FOR MY RELEASE.

I WAS NAKED,
AND IN YOUR MIND YOU DEBATED THE
MORALITY OF MY APPEARANCE.

I WAS SICK,
AND YOU KNELT AND THANKED GOD FOR
YOUR HEALTH.

I WAS HOMELESS,
AND YOU PREACHED TO ME OF THE
SPIRITUAL SHELTER OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

I WAS LONELY,
AND YOU LEFT ME ALONE TO PRAY FOR ME.

YOU SEEM SO HOLY, SO CLOSE TO GOD.

BUT I'M STILL VERY HUNGRY
AND LONELY AND COLD.

(DONATED BY AN OUTSIDE READER)

INCENTIVE PAY PROGRAM

The inmates who are working in the kitchen will be part of a new pay scheme which will be implemented here at Joyceville Institution sometime in the early part of this winter. The new pay program will allow the inmates the opportunity to earn up to $49.50 for a two week period. When the Advance became aware of this we decided this was something that everyone should be aware of and, with the asistance of Mr. Green, went about obtaining information for this article. Mr. Green, Supervisor of Food Services, explained the new program by way of the following example.

	PRESENT PAY SYSTEM	NEW PAY SYSTEM
TWO WEEK PAY PERIOD	GRADE FOUR PER DAY - 1.15x10= $11.50	$11.50
BONUS	$8.00	$8.00
OVERTIME	$8.40	$0.00
INCENTIVE PAY	$0.00	$1.00 x 10 = $10.00 $1.50 x 10 = $15.00 $2.00 x 10 = $20.00 $3.00 x 10 = $30.00
TOTAL	$27.90 FOR A TEN DAY PERIOD	$49.50 FOR A TEN DAY PERIOD

Looks really good, doesn't it? Well, we feel that it could be but there are a few things that our readers should know.

First of all a brief explanation of the diagram is in order. As can be seen, the present pay system or grade system will not be altered. In our example we have used grade four. It will, of course, depend upon what grade level you are on but for this example grade four is appropriate. These earnings will NOT be altered. The eight dollar bonus, for working in the kitchen, also remains unaltered. I'm sure there are a few people, aside from myself, who were not aware of the eight dollar bonus. The present system of overtime will be dropped, that is, replaced by the incentive pay program.

(con't)

The incentive pay scheme is designed so that everyone working in the kitchen will be paid the same incentive pay; for example, if the work is viewed as exceptional the inmates will receive a three dollar pay incentive; if it is viewed as poor, they will receive much less. It all depends upon how well the work is done. The incentive pay grading will be done on a day to day basis. The inmates will be paid as a group not on an individual basis so the work of all kitchen employees will be taken into consideration when figuring out the rate of incentive pay to be paid.

Having spoken with a few of the fellas employed in the kitchen, we feel that this program will be beneficial for those who are receiving it. Let us consider a hypothetical case and see how this program may work.

A newcomer goes to the work board and is placed in the kitchen. He is receiving .75¢ pay per day for grade one. When he starts working in the kitchen his pay goes up because of the eight dollar bonus. This brings his pay, for a ten day period, to approximately $15.50. Now, add to this the incentive pay he will receive and, if it is only a dollar per day, he will receive $25.50 for a ten day work period. If, on the other hand, he receives an incentive pay of $2.50 per day his pay will be $15.50 plus $25.00 thereby making a total of $40.50 for a ten day work period. Not really bad, for a newcomer. It should be noted that the inmate does not have to pay income tax and no room and board will be taken, as there is in the Pilot Project, so the inmate has this total amount to spend. Granted this is not very much but when one sees another newcomer arriving and going to work elsewhere at $7.50 per ten day period the difference becomes obvious. Of course, as Mr. Green points out, if a man goes to the kitchen to work, that is exactly what he will do, work!!! I'm sure those of you already in the kitchen are well aware of the truth of Mr. Green's statement.

THE TRUE INSTRUMENTS OF REFORMATION ARE EMPLOYMENT AND REWARD;---NOT PUNISHMENT. AID THE WILLING, HONOUR THE VIRTUOUS, AND COMPEL THE IDLE INTO OCCUPATION, AND THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR THE COMPELLING OF ANY INTO THE GREAT AND LAST INDOLENCE OF DEATH.

-JOHN RUSKIN-

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"DO NOT SERVE TIME: MAKE TIME SERVE YOU."

BODY SHOP

On September 21st & 22nd, Marcel Mareaux and Dwayne Bellinger, from DeVilbiss Spray Equipment, came into the institution to give a primary course in Spray painting and procedures. This course was given to some twenty inmates from the body shop as well as other inmates from the Pilot Project and the Industrial Paint Shop.

The course included instruction in the classroom and also included some actual painting practice. There was also some information given on the tools and equipment required to start a body shop business of one's own. This reporter has spoken with a number of the participants and, from their comments, believes that this course was successful and will have a great deal of value for those who had the opportunity to attend. Most of the sentiments expressed were of a positive nature and there was even a few who were wondering if it will be possible to have further courses of this nature offered here at the institution. At the completion of this course, each of the students received a Diploma which will prove to be of some assistance in their future endeavors. The instructors at the Body Shop also viewed this course as very beneficial and were happy to give pointers and tips with regards to the use of the spray equipment and tools.

We would like to thank Mr. J. Corrigan for his support of this course and also a special thank you to those who participated in the course and made it a success. Mr. Paul Breault and Mr. John Purdun, the instructors at the Body Shop, were very instumental in obtaining this course and if not for their persistent efforts and assistance this course may not have been as successful as it was. Thank you for all the help you gave.

The Body Shop Crew.

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DILEMNA

FROM THE SOUTH DAKOTA MESSENGER

THERE WAS A BLACK MAN TALKING TO HIS WHITE FRIEND....

"YOU KNOW," HE SAID, " WHEN I'M LONELY, I'M BLACK. WHEN I'M SUNBURNED, I'M BLACK. WHEN I'M AFRAID, I'M BLACK AND WHEN I'M SICK, I'M BLACK...BUT...YOU WHEN YOU'RE LONELY, YOU'RE BLUE, WHEN YOU'RE SUNBURNED, YOU'RE RED, WHEN YOU'RE AFRAID, YOU'RE YELLOW, AND WHEN YOU'RE SICK, YOU'RE WHITE...AND YOU CALL ME COLORED!!!!!"

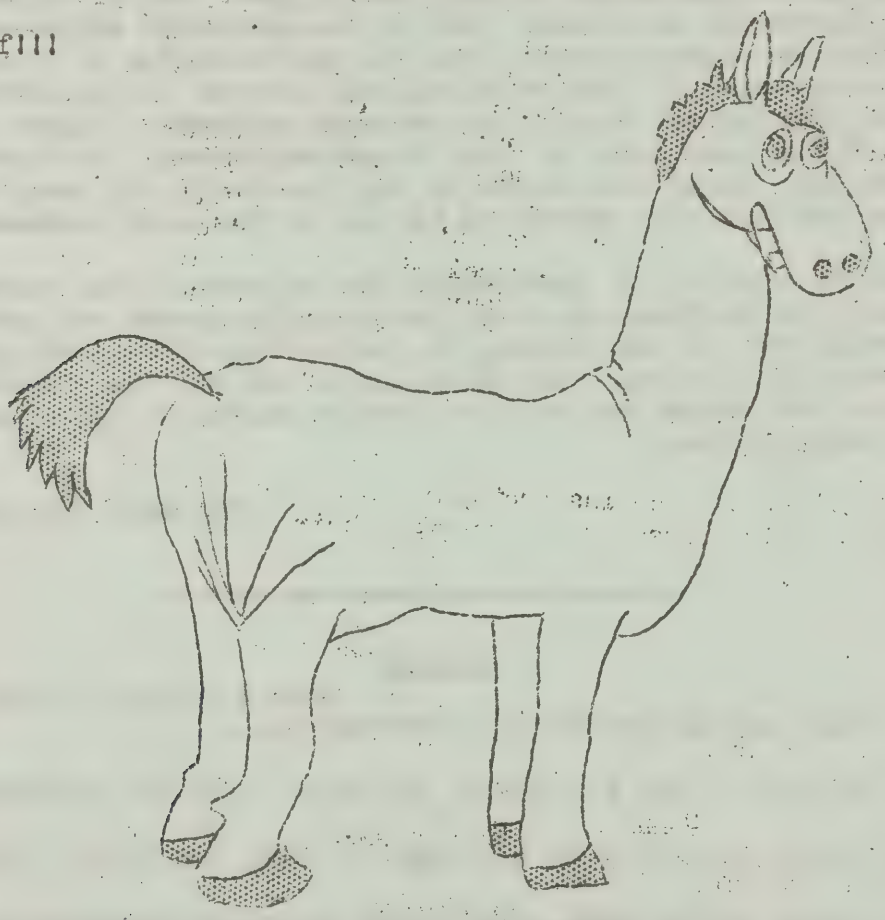
PUZZLE PAGE

Word travels fast in horse racing; fast, or not at all. But the only information we had about the sixth race at Belmont— a $75,000 added, for three-year-olds -- was that it was a sure thing.

Our usual handicapper, Eddie "Fourfingers," was on vacation and wouldn't return for nine to fourteen months. So all we had to go on was the track talk, most of which made little sense until we combined it logically.

Using the friendly information at the right, we'd like you to determine the outcome of that race: the horses and their order at the finish line, their respective jockeys, and the colors each was wearing.

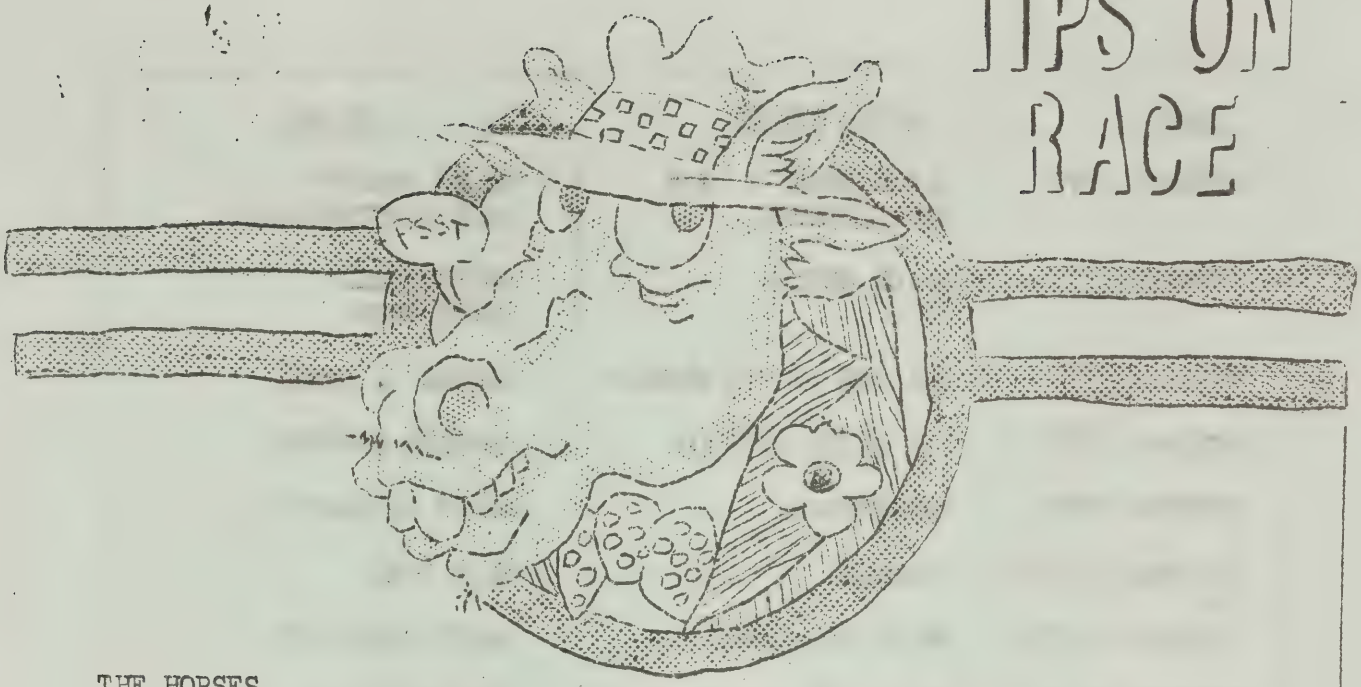
And they're off!!!



WE WOULD LIKE TO MENTION THAT THERE IS A PRIZE OFFERED FOR THE FIRST INMATE WHO SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETES THIS PUZZLE. THIS IS OUR FIRST ATTEMPT AT SOME THING OF THIS NATURE, IF WE FIND THAT WE HAVE A GOOD RESPONCE WE SHALL MAKE IT AN ONGOING PART OF OUR PUBLICATION.

-ASS'T EDITOR-

TIPS ON RACE



THE HORSES

Seattle Slew, Bold Ruler, Citation, Lucky Dan and Swaps.

THE JOCKEYS

Pagano, Godiva, Vasquez, Cruguet and Cordero

THE COLORS

Purple & Yellow, Red & Yellow, Orange & Green, Blue & Gold, and Green & White.

THE TIPS

1) "Swaps will finish behind Godiva's mount, but before the jockey wearing the orange and green colors, although none of the three will finish on top."

2) "Pagano will come in right behind the jock in purple and yellow who's gonna finish two positions behind Lucky Dan who ain't gonna win the race"

3) "The kid in blue and gold has enough to beat Seattle Slew, but not enough to take first."

4) "Listen, pal, all I know is what I hear. And what I hear is that the pony who comes in fourth ain't gonna be carrying blue and gold or green and white. But those won't be the colors Bold Ruler will be showin' either. Or Godiva, for that matter."

5) "Green and white? Green and white is gonna finish two positions ahead of Seattle Slew who's gonna nose out Cruguet's new pony who, believe me, will not finish last.

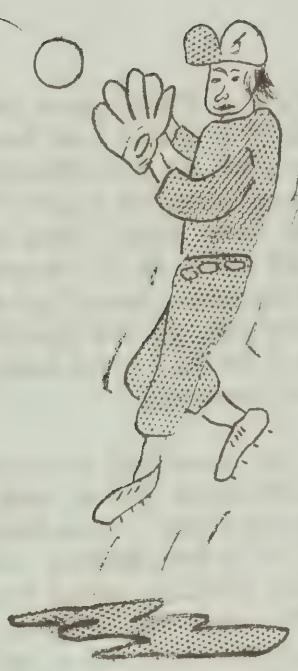
6)"Bold Ruler is going to come in behind Citation, but Vasquez won't be riding either of them nags. Besides—and I got this from a trainer—all three of their owners hate yellow."

POSITION	HORSE	JOCKEY	COLORS
FIRST	_____	_____	_____
SECOND	_____	_____	_____
THIRD	_____	_____	_____
FOURTH	_____	_____	_____
FIFTH	_____	_____	_____

DATE	MOVIE TITLE	STARS
OCTOBER 1/77	ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE.	ELLEN BURSTYN KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
OCTOBER 2/77	BLACK SUNDAY	ROBERT SHAW BRUCE DERN
OCTOBER 7/77	ISLANDS IN THE STREAM	GEORGE C. SCOTT
OCTOBER 8/77	THE WHITE BUFFALO	CHARLES BRONSON
OCTOBER 9/77	CANNONBALL	DAVID CARRADINE
OCTOBER 10/77	FRIENDS	SEAN BURY
OCTOBER 14/77	BOUND FOR GLORY	DAVID CARRADINE
OCTOBER 15/77	ORCA, THE KILLER WHALE	RICHARD HARRIS
OCTOBER 21/77	NETWORK	FAYE DUNAWAY WILLIAM HOLDEN
OCTOBER 22/77	THE EAGLE HAS LANDED	MICHAEL CAINE DONALD SUTHERLAND
OCTOBER 29/77	THE TOWN THAT DREADED SUNDOWN	BEN JOHNSON ANDREW PRINE
OCTOBER 30/77	SEVEN PERCENT SOLUTION	NICOL WILLIAMSON
NOVEMBER 5/77	CHATTERBOX	CANDY RAINES
NOVEMBER 6/77	TWO MINUTE WARNING	CHARLTON HESTON
NOVEMBER 10/77	AIRPORT 77	JAMES STEWART
NOVEMBER 11/77	HOLLYWOOD BLVD.	CANDICE REALSON
NOVEMBER 12/77	DEMON	SANDY DENISE
NOVEMBER 13/77	NICKELODEON	BURT REYNOLDS RYAN O'NEAL
NOVEMBER 19/77	SMOKEY & THE BANDIT	BURT REYNOLDS
NOVEMBER 30/77	CROSS OF IRON	JAMES COBURN



BASE BALL WRAP UP



BASEBALL CONGRESS

On September 11, 1977 Joyceville Institution held their annual Baseball Congress. This year saw Donnelly's Shell, the reigning champions, Tamworth Merchants, Sentry Majors, and the Joyceville Jets teeing off to a full day of baseball. I am a novice to Joyceville's annual congress; however, I saw this year's congress as a very good example of sportsmanship and team effort on the part of all the people involved.

The first game of the day was between the Tamworth Merchants and the Joyceville Jets. The Jets won the toss and thereby became the home team. The first few innings saw each team measuring the other, finding the weak and the strong points and then, in the top of the third inning, the Tamworth Merchants got on the scoreboard. B. Tuepah got to first base on an error and advanced to second on a pass ball. K. Huffman then came to bat and hit a single which allowed B. Tuepah to score from second and put the Merchants in front by a score of 1 to 0.

This lead was very short lived for the Jets came out hitting in the bottom of the fourth inning. Brian Beaucage started it off with a well hit home run which sent the centerfielder running to the outermost reaches of the ball park. Owen Putman followed with a single and then advanced to second on a wild pitch. Darryl Tubaro then brought Owen home with a double and proceeded to third base on a pass ball. This brought Patty Lambert to bat and he,too, hit a double which brought Darryl home. Bobby Helf then hit a single which scored Patty and gave the Jets a 4 to 1 lead at the end of the fourth inning. Once again the Merchants came to bat and got runners on base. Unfortunately, after scoring another run in the fifth inning, the Jets clamped down and Tamworth did not score any more runs. The final score of the game was 4 to 2 for the Jets. This win advanced the Jets into the final series for the championship.

(con't)

Before the final game was played, there were still two other teams to play off. Donnelly's Shell and Sentry Majors put on quite a show for the population with their game in the afternoon. Sentry won the toss and became home team. Donnelly's came out hitting right from the beginning and scored two runs in the first inning. Sentry came right back in the second inning and scored three runs with a combination of hits by K. Harris, K. Lothain, and G. Chesley. This made the score 3 to 2 for Sentry. Donnelly's never did rally after this and Sentry went on to score another run in the fourth inning and one in the sixth inning to make the final score 5 to 2. This advanced Sentry into the finals which were played later on in the evening.

Prior to starting the third and final game of the day, the teams retired to the officers mess for a Kentucky Fried Chicken dinner and a short speech by Yorky. After this the teams took to the field for the final game. The Jets won the toss again and became the home team. The teams both played it very tight and allowed nothing until the third inning when Darryl Tubaro wound up and sent the ball to deep centerfield and prnaced around the bases for a home run. Next came Frank Banks who hit a ball to right field and almost flew to third base. A short time afterwards, Frank with his lightning speed stole home and put the Jets ahead by two runs. Again things tightened up, neither team willing to give an inch, never mind a base hit, until the fifth inning when Sentry came to life and tied the game with hits by M. Schell, L. Graff and B. Johnson. This was short lived, for once again the Jets came back, in the sixth inning, to take the lead. Frank Banks started it off with a single and was followed by Wade Bruce who also hit a single. Frank and Wade both advanced one base on a sacrifice by Tommy McDonald and then Owen Putman brought Frank home by hitting a double. Brian Beaucage hit a sacrifice fly which scored Wade and made the score 4 to 2 for the Jets. This was the final score and a happy, victorious group of players came off the field.

Mr. Neufled, the Director, was on hand to present the Congress Trophy. This tro trophy has only been won by the Jets on three previous occasions, 1964, 1968 and 1974. Sarge O'Connor, Manager and Pappy McVeigh, the Jets Captain, accepted the tropny from Mr. Neufeld and in turn passed it on to the players. Pappy also mentioned that this was his 25th Congress at Joyceville and he thanked the team for bringing home a victory. This victory was indeed well earned for the guys really played their hearts out in an all out defensive effort. Patty Lambert deserves special mention because he did a very good job pitching the two games, but the rest of the team also deserves a round of applause for their efforts. All in all, I feel that the Jets did a very good job and hope that the trophy will now be kept here at Joyceville where it belongs.

Thank you for a fine day of baseball.

Jack Hagan
Assistant Commissioner

A special mention should also be given to the often forgotten and most times cursed people on the field. The umpires- I would like to thank Steve Benning, Oatsie Phillips and Paul Franks for the fine job they did during this day.

Jack

BASEBALL

REGULAR SEASON FINALS

MAJOR LEAGUE

TEAM	GP	W	L	P
A's	24	15	9	30
BLUE JAYS	24	14	10	28
ORIOLES	24	6	18	12

BATTING AVERAGES

BLUE JAYS

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
O. PUTMAN	23	86	36	40	26	.465	.943
J. MARTIN	21	73	25	25	20	.342	.894
T. McDONALD	20	76	32	26	14	.342	.920
B. BEAUCAGE	20	75	28	32	10	.427	.891
R. HELF	19	58	25	24	17	.414	.906
P. ARNETT	15	50	17	11	13	.220	.854
G. SAKAI	14	41	13	15	15	.366	.879
H. BASTIEN	12	32	6	11	3	.344	.911
T. BROWN	10	28	5	7	10	.250	.931
F. BANKS	7	26	12	7	7	.269	.880
P. RITCHIE	7	18	7	4	7	.222	.727
W. BRUCE	5	17	4	7	6	.412	.897
T. GARRIOCK	3	10	3	4	2	.400	1.000

BATTING AVERAGE

A's

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
J. HUDSON	24	86	26	28	20	.326	.859
P. FRANK	24	83	30	31	18	.373	.655
D. TUBARO	21	78	22	26	22	.333	.906
W. WHITE	21	70	26	22	3	.314	.949
D. HENNESSEY	20	71	16	23	12	.324	.912
P. LAMBERT	20	72	16	27	39	.375	.917
B. SHUGGAN	17	61	16	18	13	.295	.910
I. CURRIE	16	33	3	9	5	.273	1.000
J. DOWE	12	42	15	16	9	.381	.902
T. WHYTE	7	12	2	m5	3	.417	.667
R. CURUSO	3	4	1	0	1	.000	1.000

ORIOLES

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
F. McVEIGH	22	81	21	27	11	.333.	.843
D. DAWSON	21	73	14	20	15	.274	.870
J. RICHARDS	21	64	16	18	12	.281	.721
W. LARUE	20	65	16	15	6	.231	.828
B. MACDONALD	15	56	13	19	11	.339	.895
R. SCHRAM	15	58	13	25	13	.431	.915
W. SULLIVAN	12	36	8	7	8	.194	.733
D. WILLIAMS	11	34	7	7	8	.206	.854
D. NIELSEN	11	43	13	20	15	.465	.949
L. ARMES	10	32	8	15	6	.469	.913
G. SMITH	8	18	5	3	3	.167	.857
J. GAGNE	7	18	7	4	4	.222	.833

BASEBALL
REGULAR SEASON FINALS

MINOR LEAGUE

TEAM	GP	W	L	P
EXPOS	21	14	7	28
BEARS	21	13	8	26
PIRATES	21	7	14	14

BATTING AVERAGES

PIRATES

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
T. RONALD	19	70	22	22	15	.314	.843
R. PROVENCHER	18	56	21	18	13	.321	.764
D. LETENDRE	18	61	13	21	24	.344	.750
M. LACOSTE	18	75	18	15	11	.200	.891
L. BURBANK	17	67	17	27	22	.403	.905
I. McLELLAN	15	45	9	12	8	.276	.636
R. KULCHYSKI	15	35	11	6	6	.171	.864
K. ARSENEAU	12	26	10	7	2	.269	.556
P. GOJEVIC	8	28	15	16	9	.571	.640
M. McNIEL	7	22	9	10	7	.455	.773
S. LIETUVNINKAS	7	24	12	7	11	.292	.842
S. AMEY	5	17	5	8	7	.471	1.000
P. PUJOL	3	6	4	3	2	.500	1.000

EXPOS

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
J. McDONALD	20	62	28	24	17	.387	.806
L. NICHOLAS	19	65	33	24	22	.369	.786
G. DANIS	18	63	19	20	18	.317	.692
R. LAROCQUE	17	65	29	23	18	.354	.890
P. MIRON	17	41	15	10	9	.244	.667
D CARRUTHERS	16	58	28	22	16	.379	.689
I. MOUSSEAU	16	58	32	24	17	.414	.846
T. ALLAIRE	9	26	16	9	6	.346	.913
J. LEWIS	5	7	4	3	2	.429	.857
A. TEMPLAIN	3	8	1	2	2	.250	.800

BEARS

NAME	GP	AB	R	H	RBI	BATTING AVERAGE	FIELDING AVERAGE
G. HEBERT	23	76	27	20	23	.263	.909
R. BONE	23	74	36	29	45	.392	.809
D. STUMPF	20	77	29	38	35	.494	.720
L. PELTIER	16	50	42	16	15	.320	.937
G. BELL	11	37	22	20	15	.541	.750
G. PECK	11	27	13	7	10	.259	.880
K. BLANCHARD	11	36	15	11	11	.306	.947
C. SPENCER	10	39	21	14	10	.357	.862
A. SWEENEY	5	14	7	4	6	.236	.778

JACK HAGAN
SPORTS COMMISSIONER

BASEBALL SEMI-FINALS

MAJOR LEAGUE

NAME	TEAM	GP	AB	H	AVE.
W. BRUCE	BLUE JAYS	3	11	6	.545
R. HELF	BLUE JAYS	3	10	5	.500
L. ARMES	ORIOLES	3	8	4	.500
T. McDONALD	BLUE JAYS	3	13	6	.462
O. PUTMAN	BLUE JAYS	3	14	6	.429
T. GARRIOCK	BLUE JAYS	3	10	4	.400

WADE BRUCE WAS THE HOME RUN HITTER FOR THE BLUE JAYS DURING THE SEMI-FINALS. HE HIT 2 HOME RUNS.

As can be seen from the above statistics, it did not take very long for the Blue Jays to finish off the Orioles in the semi-finals. Three games straight. The Orioles were pretty well outgunned as far as hitters go, they did put up a valiant effort but I'm afraid it was to no avail.

The Blue Jays looked extremely good during this first round and, if they play this well in the play-offs we can look forward to a very touch, close series. I am sure that the A's will be ready for them as they have been out a few times practicing and warming up for the finals. Good luck to both of these teams.

As for the Orioles, well you fellas can join the Pirates in the bleechers and cheer for your favorite team in the play-offs. It has been a good season and in my opinion one that has progressed very well to this point. I would like to thank the Umpires and other persons who have helped with making it as successful as it has been. See you all next year.

Jack Hagan
Assistant Commissioner

BASEBALL SEMI-FINALS

MINOR LEAGUE

NAME	TEAM	GP	AB	H	AVE.
G. PECK	BEARS	4	12	7	.583
L. PELTIER	BEARS	4	14	8	.571
R. KULCHYSKI	PIRATES	4	16	7	.436
I. McLELLAN	PIRATES	4	12	5	.417
G. BELL	BEARS	4	17	6	.353
D. STUMPF	BEARS	4	19	6	.316

HOMERUN HITTERS PIRATES

M. LACOSTE 1 HOMERUN
P. GOJEVIC 1 HOMERUN

HOMERUNS BEARS

C. SPENCER 3 HOMERUNS
R. BONE 1 HOMERUN

The Pirates started this series off like a ball of fire and came out burning. They won the first game as though there was no contest at all and then they seemed to fall flat on their face. The Bears got upset over their first defeat and came back to win the next three games straight. With consistent hitting from guys like Gary Peck, Lenny Peltier, Garry Bell and D. "Bubbles" Stumpf the Bears had no real problem in locking up the series. The Bears strong home run hitter, Cornelius Spencer did a fine job of hitting the long ball and thereby helping his team win the semi-finals.

As for the Pirates, well you fellas can join the rest of us in the box seats and sit back and enjoy the play-offs. I am sure that the Expos are raring to go.and it looks like the Bears will have their work cut out for them.

Good luck to both teams in the finals.

Jack Hagan
Assistant Commissioner

MINOR LEAGUE PLAY-OFFS

TOP TEN HITTERS

NAME	TEAM	GP	AB	H	AVE.
J. McDONALD	EXPOS	6	26	12	.462
R. BONE	BEARS	6	24	10	.417
K. BLANCHARD	BEARS	6	16	6	.375
I. MOUSSEAU	EXPOS	6	25	9	.360
A. SWEENEY	BEARS	6	20	7	.350
G. BELL	BEARS	6	18	6	.333
L. MUDLER	EXPOS	6	20	6	.300
R. LAROCQUE	EXPOS	6	21	6	.286
L. NICHOLAS	EXPOS	6	18	5	.278
V. CAVERLEY	EXPOS	6	18	5	.278

I. MOUSSEAU AND R. LAROCQUE BOTH HIT HOME RUNS FOR THE EXPOS.

Due to the inclement weather and our lack of rubber boots, the finals series between the Expos and the Bears had to called short. This did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm with which these two teams played. The Expos came out in the first game and walloped the Bears 30 to 15. The Expos were the heavy favorites going into this series and they certainly showed their stuff in the first few games. The second game proved to be a little bit harder and the Bears showed that they could be counted on to play ball. Because of the early darkness,this game was called in the sixth inning, the score 8 to 8. Once again, in the third game the Expos came out and on a home run by Roger Larocque came back from behind to win. The score was 6 to 5. This made it appear as though the Expos had a stranglehold on the series.

It was at this point that the Bears decided to fight back. With some outstanding fielding by A. Sweeney and G. Bell, the Bears won the next two games to tie the series at 2 wins--2 loses-- and 1 tie. The final game saw the Expos take an early lead only to be caught and passed by the Bears. Once they were ahead there was just no stopping them. The final score of the game was 7 to 4 for the Bears. This made the Bears the Minor League Champions for 1977. We would like to congradulate the Bears on their victory and also the Expos on some well played baseball.

Jim Hudson
Sport's Writer

MAJOR LEAGUE PLAY-OFFS

TOP TEN HITTERS

NAME	TEAM	GP	AB	HITS	AVE.
W. BRUCE	BLUE JAYS	7	25	13	.520
O. PUTMAN	BLUE JAYS	7	20	9	.450
D. TUBARO	A's	7	24	9	.375
W. WHITE	A's	6	19	7	.368
J. HUDSON	A's	7	20	7	.350
P. LAMBERT	A's	7	24	8	.333
B. BEAUCAGE	BLUE JAYS	7	23	7	.304
B. HELF	BLUE JAYS	7	22	6	.273
I. CURRIE	A's	6	19	5	.263
G. SAKAI	BLUE JAYS	6	20	5	.250

HOME RUN HITTERS FOR THE SERIES WERE:

O. PUTMAN	ONE HOME RUN	BLUE JAYS
D. TUBARO	ONE HOME RUN	A's
D. HENNESSEY	ONE HOME RUN	A's

This is a real tough assignment for a novice sport's writer such as myself. In all the time that I have been in prison, I have never seen a better played, harder fought series. This years play-offs were between the Blue Jays and the A's and, while the Blue Jays emerged victorious, I feel that there was no real winner or loser. All the players, on both teams, deserve a round of applause on a very good and exciting series. As far as I know this is the first time the finals has gone the full seven games before a winner was decided. The seven games played this year were all close and all very exciting for the fans.

The series started on September 9th and continued right through the month. There was a lot of rain and cold weather which seriously hampered the player's, especially when right field looked like a rice paddy. The player's all stood up to the conditions and did a really fine job. The first game was won by the Blue Jays by a score of 8 to 7. This set the tune for the rest of the games to come. In the second game the A's came back and won it by a score of 7 to 6. As one can see, all the games were close. With scores like these, the back and forth action, you can well imagine how hard each member of the two teams was

(con't)

playing. As can be seen from the top ten hitters, five from each team, these two teams were equal in scoring ability, defensive play, hitting power, as well as any other measure one wishes to use when evaluating the strengths of these teams. The final game was proof of this as both teams battled from start to finish with the Blue Jays coming up the victors with a score of 2 to 1.

This about wraps up the baseball for another year, however, before we say our farewells to the baseball fans, we should give mention to a number of people who are continuously present and give their support to their favorite teams. One of these people is Leroy Mulder who can be seen sitting in the back row bleachers offering comments on the umpire's decisions as well as some of the players moves. Leroy is the type of fella who gives his all whenever he is out there and he seems to be a spark to the rest of the fans. Another guy who is always out there, while he is not quite as vocal as Leroy, is Kenny Taylor. These two can be seen at every game cheering and cajoling the teams to victory. Thank you for your steady and unfailing support. This is not to say that these are the only two guys out there for that's not true. We usually quite a large number of people there supporting their teams.

Another thank is extended to the fellas that were out there umping the games. This is a much bigger job than it appears to be. There is always a lot of heckling and jeering after some of the closer calls and it is not easy to maintain a perfectly calm appearance. Guys like Pappy McVeigh, Steve Benning, Duke Williams, Yorky, as well as others who have umped throughout the season all deserve a thank you for the job they did. Oatsie is another who did a fine job and without these people coming out and officiating our baseball season could have been a lot harder than it was. Once again thank you all.

Well that about wraps it up for this year. I would like to thank all those who worked and played at the game this year. A special thanks to the Rec. gang for the fine job they did in keeping the field ready and in playing order. For those of you who will be here next year we'll see you then, for those of you who will not be--good luck at whatever you are doing.

Jack Hagan
Sports Commissioner

Editor's note;
I would like to thank Jack for all the work he did this year in organizing and keeping the baseball season going. I was at a few of the meetings held and can understand how hard his job is. I am sure that I am speaking for everyone when I say thank you to Jack.

Editor

WINNERS

We would like to take this opportunity to extend our congradulations to those players who excelled in this years baseball season, these awards go to the people who, through their own determination and spirit, aided their teams and also added a little bit of flavour and excitement to the games played this year. This is not to say that the rest of the players did not provide the needed support and effort required to win ball games because it is our belief that everyone did a very good job in making this a successful year.

In listing the winners for this year we will start with the Major League and then carry on with the Minor League winners.

MAJOR LEAGUE

TOP BATTER OF THE YEAR	OWEN PUTMAN	BLUE JAYS	.465
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER	BOBBY HELF	BLUE JAYS	
BEST PITCHER AWARD	PATTY LAMBERT	A's	
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR	DARRYL TUBARO	A's	
MOST SPORTSMANLIKE PLAYER	TOMMY McDONALD	BLUE JAYS	
MOST STOLEN BASES	BRIAN BEAUCAGE	BLUE JAYS	

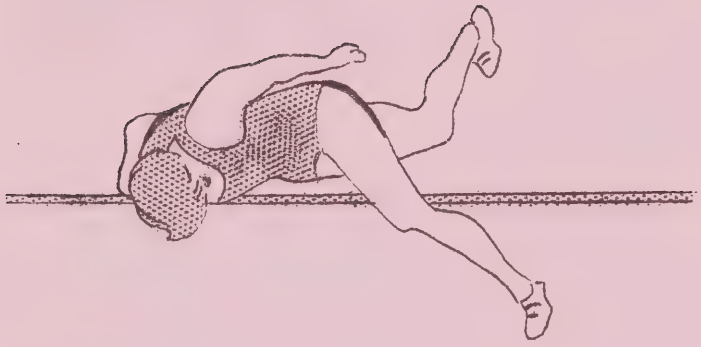
MINOR LEAGUE

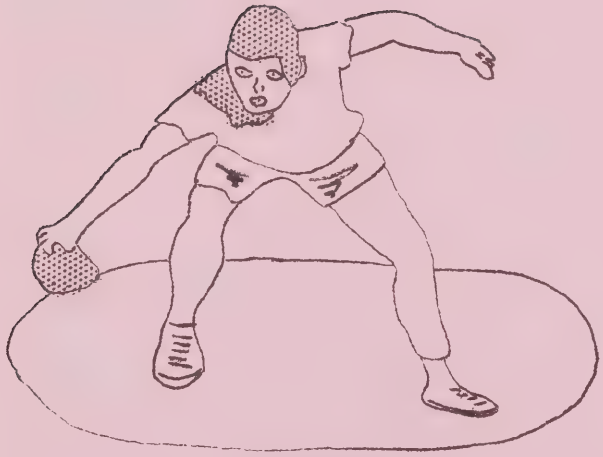
TOP BATTER OF THE YEAR	D. STUMPF	BEARS	.494
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER	R. BONE	BEARS	
ROOKIE OF THE YEAR	I. MOUSSEAU	EXPOS	
MOST SPORTSMANLIKE PLAYER	G. BELL	BEARS	

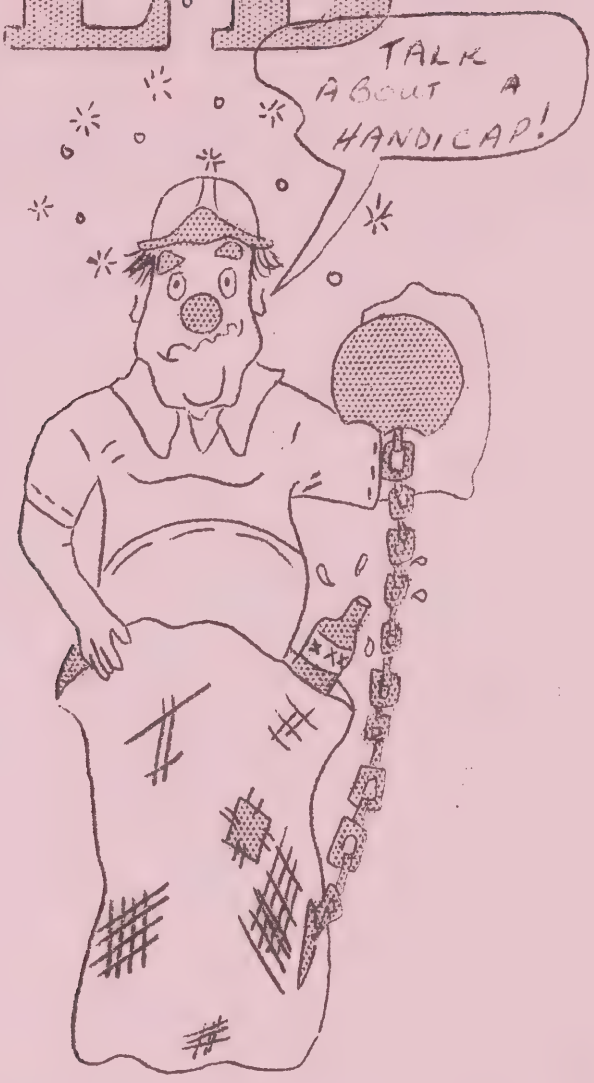
THANK YOU ALL FOR A FULL AND EXCITING SEASON.

JACK HAGAN
SPORTS COMMISSIONER

FIELD DAY







By J. Van L.

FIELD DAY '77

It is very difficult to find a place to start when writing about a weekend of this magnitude. There were a quite a few guys involved with the organization and the work during this weekend so that the rest of us could enjoy it and it is important that these people receive our thanks and appreciation for a job well done.

Rather than try to do something of this nature on my own, I have asked some of the fellas on the Sport's Committee to give me a little help. I, personally, would like to thank guys like--Brian Beaucage, Duke Williams, John Richards, and Bobby MacDonald-- as well as all the others who worked during this holiday weekend. A special vote of thanks is extended to Paul Franks, head of the Sports Committee, for the marvelous job that he did in making Field Day '77 as successful as it was. Thank you.

-Editor-

FUN BOOTHS

by Bobby MacDonald

I would like to thank the Recreational Department for the work they put into making Field Day a success. Andthe guys who worked in the Fun Booths, guys like Mac McKenna, Jerry Rowe, Johnny Simard, and Highie McDevitt who gave up their mornings to go out and operate the booths. They worked hard and showed a great deal of patience and understanding. Thanks a lot you guys for all the help you gave us on Field Day Weekend. I also feel that the Fun Booths were a great success and they offered the population the chance to have a little fun in what is not really considered as a "fun" place. I would also like to extend my thanks to Paul Franks, who's only ambition for the three days of this weekend was for the whole population to enjoy themselves. This is what these days were all about and, in my opinion, they were very successful and enjoyable for those of us who participated. I hope you enjoyed yourself as much as I did.

THE COOK'S CORNER

by Duke Williams

The cook's stand must have been the busiest booth out there over this weekend. At least it sure felt like it when we were finally finished. I would like to thank Tommy Miller, Billy Gillett, Micky Flannigan, Neil Ozad, Dave Spence and Richie Moran for the fantastic job they did. They were instrumental in preparing hot dogs, hambugers, corn and steaks over the stifling heat given off by the bar-b-que pits. They also spent a lot of time slicing onions and tomatoes. It was a big job and they handled it very well. There were also the fellas who carried food back to the ranges for those people who could not or did not come out to partake in and enjoy the festivities. A job well done by all.

(con't)

FIELD DAY WEEKEND '77

By Paul Franks
Sports Committee

The first thing I would like to do is thank the people on my sub-committee for Field Day. Duke Williams, Bobby MacDonald, Brian Beaucage, and John Richards worked very hard and did their best to come up with a successful Field Day. In my opinion, they deserve our thanks for a job well done. I, myself, have been around for fifteen such field day's and I can honestly say they did a hell of a fine job.

We must also thank guys like Billy Putsungas, Sarge O'Connor, Jack Hagan, as well as many others for the fine job they did at officiating during the events. All in all everything ran very smoothly and fairly. It was very well organized. Thanks for your help fellas.

Congradulations must go to all the winners but we must not forget all the guys that pitched in and worked (with no promises) for the other con's. Fellas like Drew (Newfie) Hennessey, H. Young, B. Williams, J. Lowe, Big Mac, B. Coulton, Connelly as well as the cooks and other guys who worked in the various booths. Tournament judges Paul Ritchie and John Tychynski also deserve a vote of thanks.

We had to stretch the funds this year as they were low but here is a rough breakdown of costs for those of you who are interested in where their money is going;

$750.00 for turtles	$325.00 for field events
$539.00 for booths	$ 75.00 for odds and ends.

I would like to suggest that the next time you see any of the above mentioned guys say thanks, that's all thats needed. Maybe next year we can do even better but I somehow think that... well I'll leave it too you to decide.

Thank You.

****

FIELD DAY WINNERS

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS

100 YARD DASH

FIRST PLACE	FRANK BANKS
SECOND PLACE	DONALD NIELSEN
THIRD PLACE	PETER MONOHAN

220 SINGLES

FIRST PLACE	FRANK BANKS
SECOND PLACE	DONALD NIELSEN
THIRD PLACE	PETER MONOHAN

100 YARD HURDLES

FIRST PLACE	FRANK BANKS
SECOND PLACE	PETER MONOHAN
THIRD PLACE	GEORGE TURNER

440 SINGLES

FIRST PLACE	GEORGE TURNER
SECOND PLACE	FRANK BANKS
THIRD PLACE	PETER MONOHAN

440 RELAY RACE

BRIAN BEAUCAGE	FRANK BANKS
DREW HENNESSEY	DUKE WILLIAMS

ONE MILE

FIRST PLACE	GEORGE TURNER
SECOND PLACE	PETER MONOHAN
THIRD PLACE	LARRY ARMES

FIVE MILE RACE

FIRST PLACE	NORM LEBINE
SECOND PLACE	OATSIE PHILLIPS
THIRD PLACE	BUBBLES STUMPF

HIGH JUMP

DARRYL TUBARO
FRANK BANKS
IAN CURRIE

STANDING BROAD JUMP

FRANK BANKS
IAN CURRIE
LARRY ARMES

HOP-SKIP- AND JUMP

LARRY ARMES
IAN CURRIE
PETER MONOHAN

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

FRANK BANKS
PETER MONOHAN
GEORGE TURNER

HANDBALL

DOUBLES -- GLEN SYPES
BUCKY CHEESEBOROUGH

SINGLES-- "HARPO" aka EARL BETIT

THERE WAS ALSO AN AWARD GIVEN FOR THE ATHLETE OF THE DAY. THIS YEAR THE AWARD WAS GRANTED TO FRANK BANKS FOR HIS ALLOUT PERFORMANCE. WE HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT THIS IS THE SECOND YEAR RUNNING FOR FRANK AND WE WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE FRANK FOR A JOB WELL DONE. THIS YEARS RUNNER UP WAS PETER MONOHAN AND WE WOULD ALSO LIKE TO CONGRATULATE PETER FOR HIS EFFORT.

IT WAS ALSO DECIDE TO HAVE A MOST COMPETITIVE AWARD THIS YEAR. THIS AWARD WAS GIVEN TO TWO PEOPLE FOR THEIR ENTRIES AND THEIR PERSISTENT EFFORTS. FRED LOWE AND TOM RONALD BOTH TIED FOR THIS AWARD. THESE TWO FELLAS ENTERED EVERY EVENT AND TRIED ALL DAY WITHOUT GIVING UP. WELL DONE GUYS.

BRIAN (BO) BEUACAGE

FUN GAMES

WINNERS

Piggyback Fight: Brian (Bo) Beaucage & Red Huntington

Tug of War: Unit 2 (3 & 4AB)

Three Legged Race: Fred Lowe & Len Meredith

Ball Throw: Owen Putman

Sack Race: Tom Ronald

Egg & Spoon: Bob Helf

Wheel Barrow Race: Bob Helf & Louis Nicholas

Old Timers Race: Pappy McVeigh

The above mentioned events were held throughout the day and provided a well needed rest for some of the other fellas who were entered in the more strenuous events. They also provided the population with a few well needed laughs. For example, when Yorky tried to winn the Wheelbarrow Race and ended up falling flat on his face. And also when Charlie Caldwell entered the Egg and Spoon race and tried to fix the end result by using his chewing gum to stick the egg to the spoon, unfortunately for Charlie there was a fella there who has had some experience with this type of race and just ran away from the rest of the competition. Better luck next year Charlie. I think maybe somebody forgot to tell Pappy that he was 54 years old. He looked about 21 when he ran the Old Timers Race. I hope that everyone enjoyed themselves as much as I did at this years Field Day. Thank You.

I would also like to thank and congradulate guys like Brian Beaucage, Bobby MacDonald, Duke Williams, and Paul Franks for the job they did in organizing and running this years Field Day. They did a really good job.

John Richards

YOUNG FOR A DAY
or better yet
THE RESURRECTION

As one entered the sphere of combat, he could not help but wonder if he was back in the time of the Romans. For as one made the turn upon entering the field, he surely saw the 12 great Patriarchs of the Old Testament warming up along the sidelines as the lions were contentedly licking their chops on their own side of the arena.

After the eager young lions had run around the infield, springing and leaping about with an agility far surpassing that of the Patriarchs, the Caesar came out, held up his hands and screamed, "Play Ball."

The Old Patriarchs took the field with the aid of their extra old Manager Pappy McVeigh pointing out the areas they were to cover. When Crazy Legs Yorky reached his position at first base, he was immediately given the sacrament of the 'Last Rites'. Lining up in order were "Pepper Bastein", at second, Chief heavyweight Benning at short and Vacumn cleaner Allaire at third. In left field was Mr. Glad Terry Whyte, in center was Gorgeous George Sakai, and in right field, the anchor man for plumbing, Don McCarty. Receiving all the offerings from the chief deliverer, Sonny Boy Williams, was none other than the Silent Oatsie. Ably assisting Old Pappy was a questionable speedster at first in Mr. Athlete Frank Banks, a guy who is getting an early taste of what it is like to get old. And from third, sending all the messengers, with good news, toward the home gates of heaven, the one and only true root of the Jewish people, "Slobby Knobby Clarke."

From inning to inning the game was nip and tuck until the game was busted up in the 4th with a sharp drive by Porky McCarty down the third base line and on into left field. This hit knocked in two runs which gave the Patriarchs a 4-2 lead. With McCarty breathing like most of the taps he fixes, old Crazy Legs Yorky smacked one up the middle for a single and Porky floated home from second. While Big Chief Benning was giving the coach at first base signals, instead of taking them, Crazy Legs broke for second with the speed of a turtle, with his right knee pointing to right field, his left kneecap towards third, he took off towards heaven, aiming for second, and arriving in the most astounding fashion. He lost tens pounds of flesh, as well as his spectacles, and upon rising immediately thought he had gone blind.

At the end of the 4th inning, leading by some two runs, Old Pappy made some defensive changes in his line-up. After a series of great catches in left, by Glad Whyte, he was replaced with a prayer and Friar Tuck Caldwell, who not only covered left field but half of the football field as well. Inserted into right field for Porky McCarty (whose water was rapidly dissolving) was Camelback Boom-er-ad. We didn't have to worry about water out there now. Pepper Bastein had lost a little salt on second and was replaced by Bonnie Scottie Reid.

(Con't)

The young lions were getting hungry now and were getting ready for the kill. A high fly ball was hit to Friar Tuck in left field and the ballerina like approach which he assaulted the ball with must have given the ardent fans the best laugh of the year. Those lions came close to their meat in that inning for they scored one run to make the total tally 4 - 3 for the Patriarchs.

But, the old seemed to be resurrected by the ever continuous chattering by Oatsie, as well as the double he led off with in the bottom of the sixth. He was moved on home by the bat of his batting mate Sonny Boy Williams to make the score 5 - 3.

Now with two out for the lions in the top of the seventh inning, their young Manager Loosie Newfie, came and said to Bob Caesar MacDonald, "would you ask them if they want to play extra innings?" When the Ruler of the Games approached old Moses Pappy, he was greeted with the Hail of, "sure, we will play extra innings." The Lions went out in that inning trailing by two runs but, tasting victory with the thought of the sun going down thereby causing the Old Timers some difficulty with their vision.

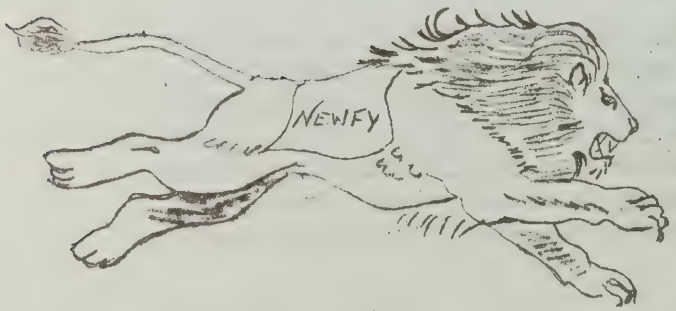
In the bottom of the seventh inning, with two out, old Pappy had a hurried conference with the "Roots" at third. When the old dromedary Boomer, while humping his way to first, was beaten by throw, the lions were beaming for now they figured, it was time for the banquet.

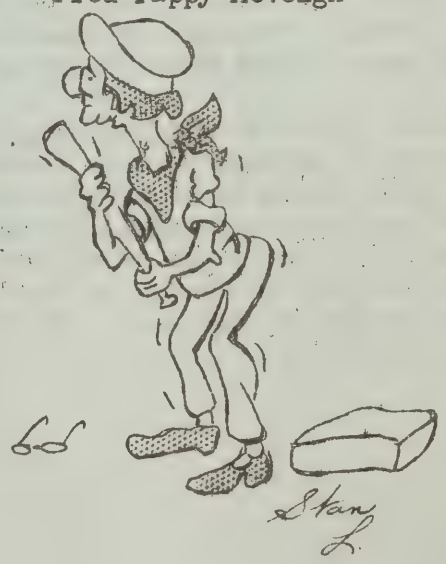
But, lo and behold, there were the Patriarchs loading up their gear and heading for their tents with a well deserved victory in their grasp. The lions were furious and said, "but you promised to play extra innings."
"We did, you see," said the Great Moses. "For we were ahead in the seventh and you did not score in your half, so, we played the extra inning by taking bats in the bottom of that inning." That is how we got the title, "Fishers of Men." (How about that Newf.)

We commend Big Bob for his ruling of the game and we would like to advise him that his two co-horts should have been with the rest of the blind and lame. (US)

Many thanks to the warm and appreciative fans who supported the whole game.

"Fred Pappy McVeigh"





PANDEMONIUM AT THE BALL GAME

I'm not at all sure how Joe Garigiola would have called the game here, at Joyceville, when the "Old Timers" went against the younger men in the annual softball game but this is how I saw it.

At the beginning of the game, I, as manager of the younger team, did not know exactly what to expect from the "Old Timers", but I did know that they are crafty and full of surprises. The game went scoreless until the third inning when the old fellas opened up and started hitting everything pitched to them- well, almost everything. They failed to make contact with the white grapefruit we had substituted for the softball. Since none of the opposing team had a desire to "beat the bark" off the "doctored" ball, the pitcher let go with a wild fast ball. This resulted in our little surprise package disintegrating at home plate and our catcher's glove was, from that time forward, used as a refreshment stand.

The real surprise of the game was the base stealing antics of the older men. I have witnessed during the course of this game some of the most remarkable, if not graceful, base stealing ever. The star player for the "post youth" Corky Yorky, smashed a hit to the middle of left field which put him on first base. The next batter--I've forgotten his name-- he can't remember either (this sometimes occurs with a progression in years) was supposed to advance the runner; however, Yorky, who needs no coaxing whatsoever, decided to advance himself without any assistance from his teammates. Corky left first base at a lightning crawl and, upon reaching the halfway point, took flight and dove (somewhat like a dying swan) towards second base. When the dust had finally settled there lay old Yorky, facedown, glasses lost, arms out-stretched, and still two feet short of the bag. Yorky is a persistant character and managed to crawl the remaining distance to make it a successful steal on second.

Well, with all these shennanigans going on, the team I tried to manage, between fits of laughter, managed to lose. The final score-- eight to five. I would like to thank all the players of both teams for a great game of ball and for the respect shown to each other.

In closing, I would like to say that we shall be prepared for Pappy McVeigh's prospectors when we do battle again next season.

NEWFIE
aka DREW HENNESSEY

WANTED SOON

ARTICLES
STORIES
POEMS

THE ADVANCE IS PUBLISHED BY THE INMATES, FOR THE INMATES, AND WE ARE HOPING FOR SOME CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE. YOU NEED NOT BE AN ERNEST HEMINGWAY OR A SIGMUND FREUD TO HAVE A STORY OR AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED. REMEMBER THIS IS YOUR PAPER AND YOUR MEANS OF COMMUNICATING WITH THE OUTSIDE ABOUT YOUR PRESENT ENVIRONMENT. WITH THIS IN MIND THINK OF SOMETHING WORTHWHILE TO WRITE AND WE WILL TRY AND HAVE IT PUBLISHED.

-EDITOR-

MOON PRISON, MARE UMBRIUM REGION (Part 7) by Bill Hutton

Death was unknown to Magus Adonai's people. The agerage span of lifetime before rejuvenation was ten thousand years. The rejuvenation procedure was not so much for the sake of body restoration, since the bodies stayed youthful looking. It was the most complete check-over of all levels of life: all personal energies, atomic, molecular, organic levels of body statement and all types of gamma energies of spirit and mind. Many times it was found that such reviews of such very long periods yielded psychoanalysands useful to further pursuits. So many details involved extremely fine sensory discrimination and so "The Blade was honed" as the vernacular saying puts it. The spiritual blade, the physical sheath, the soul ornaments.

Magus Adonai had just been through this constitutional check-up. His present height was 35 feet, 9¼ inches. He sat in the orchard garden retreat on a lounge chair any earthman would have seen as suitable in size for a tool shed. He had his sandals off and his bare feet were enjoying the heat from the sunstar Oryx. He was thoughtfully smoking a cigar an earthman would find convenient as a club, his Tom Collins in an earth-size gallon glass that sparkled as only true crystal can.

He had been surprised at this check-up to find that tucked away in a forgotten corner of his mind there was a memory of earth. A pleasant one, to be sure. It irked him that although the memories were wholesome he had never considered them for at least a billion years. He reviewed the findings. There wasn't really very much, but he had a mental image of a sun-drenched world covered with water. There were active volcanoes, lush jungles, fierce looking mountains and animals. Animals of every sort, large and small. He recalled how amazed he had been to walk there and to feel how this world was like a well-tended animal sanctuary. Not a zoo. He saw no enclosures. In fact he saw no attendants either. The grounds were not manicured as in formal gardens, but the wildness made sense. There seemed to be a sensible ordering of plants and animals, some self-perpetuating system that enchanted him. Yes, that was his impression: the enchanted garden of all sorts of eiden. He remembered feeling disappointed because he couldn't find any species resembling his own. He remembered thinking in terms of The Martians as the gardeners, since their world was a beautifully-landscaped quiet world full of charming little folks, but he rejected the idea as unlikely. The Martians were home bodies and he couldn't recall any reports that they ever left their world for any reason whatsoever. They didn't have any space ships. He thought in terms of teleportation, but this ability was at such a high level of spiritual competence he doubted this was the answer. If true, it would relate The Martians to the Djinn People of the Crab Nebula. How they could be related to these very insular and mysterious magicians would be quite a detective story. Still, it was an interesting speculation. These Wee Folk on Mars could be related, although the Djinn of Crab Nebula were huge beings. Perhaps a telescopic effect in size adaptation due to the lesser amounts of energy in the Sol-G system? Another one of those enigmas The Vaast contained in endless varieties.

He remembered a notion he'd had at the time that earth would be a fine place for colonization. Whether it would be good to use clones and to develop these on the spot, or to transport people there by suspended animation or as passengers would be the moot point. It seemed a shameful thought to spoil so beautiful a world with just anyone. In order to ensure adaptation of the incoming species to those already existent, perhaps the clone idea was best. This would require machineries of course. Perhaps the Martians could be helpful there. They were such precise workers the Clone Machines would be safely managed in their hands. There would be no monsters developed or tortured spirits occupying such bodies...

It was a pleasant memory, but Magus Adonai realized with a pang of regret that he hadn't acted upon his thoughts and observations. No wonder these materials had been suspended lights in his personal systems of being. You either acted upon the truth you knew or you didn't. When you din't it could give you the feeling of embarrassment he now had over the recent findings in the Sol-G sector. The Martians had lost their world too. It was now up to him to see if he could figure out a renewal scheme for both Mars and Earth, with the assistance of the various involved parties which included TCC of Aldebaran and The Draconian Cluster. He thought about the trick he'd pulled on the Draconians with a smile. Still, it was necessary that the Cloning Machines be put back into working order and The Martians were not yet able to do this. There would be no loss for The Draconians anyway. He was happy that he had thought to put all negotiations through King Sartorius III, Lord of The Frankens on Arcturus-3 though. He was a no-nonsense person and would see to it that the Cloning Machines were used in a useful manner. The Draconians were a mixed bunch. You never knew whether you'd meet a sensible devil or a crazy fiend...

XXIII

Toni had a new project. It was to check out the details of The Boss Computer's many outlets and extensional equipments with a Major Sarbolin was definitely had the smell of "policeman" about him. But his screening identification was "technician" so Toni had no plans to get snarky. It was a chance to get out of the shop, to look over the whole xomplex for the first time ever. There was no percentage in blowing this opportunity just to prove how clever he thought he was. What was one policeman, more or less? He mentioned it in the common room and the other guys already knew, so it was only an official secret, not a real one. Fine! It saved a lot of red faces on both sides of the fence...

The topic at the moment was the "black space" where the "walls" of the capsule chamber had been. And the capsules of course. Harold was so angry at the problem he slopped ketchup on his pants.

"They must have found something they don't want anyone to know!" Harold said, using the tablecloth to wipe off his pants.

Toni turned up his hands," Well, if you like that sort of explanation..."

"What do you mean?" Harold said belligerently," The idea ofa few m illion solid capsules disappearing is more reasonable, is that it?"

"No! It's so fantastic I can't imagine them saying so if it wasn't true!"

Sum Lee observed drily," But Toni! They haven't said so! You said so!"

Toni looked baffled. "But it came through on UHF!"

Sum Lee said," I'm not saying you're making it up! I'm just saying that it isn't a general news release!"

"Damn tootin' !" Harold said,speaking in a loud whisper," And we'd better sit on it too, or we'll be kept locked up in The Hole until it blows over!"

"Blows over?" Toni said in a furious whisper," What do they expect? That the capsules will reappear again out of the invisible?"

Sum Lee said," Well, as ridiculous as it sounds, they must! Perhaps the capsules aren't really gone at all! They may still be there in some other dimensions which aren't visible or tangible to us!"

Harold snorted," That isn't so tough! Anything outside of the 3000 angstroms between 4100 and 7100 angstroms isn't visible to us, and if it isn't visible it isn't tangible enough to measure without instruments! Say...there's an idea! Why don't we ask Dr. Thurston if that's a possibility?"

Sum Lee said," I know him! I'll ask him! After all, 3000 angstroms is only 3000×10^{-8} cm or 3/100,000 centimeter width of energies!"

"Do you mean to say that all the matter we find visible and tangible has wavelengths of vibration inside a 3/100,000 of a centimeter band of energies?"

"That's what Physics says! "

Toni smiled." It doesn't sound right though! The lowest piano string vibrates only 27 times a second!"

Sum Lee said," Oh, it isn't the rate of vibration of the molecular collection we're talking about. It's the atoms themselves! If the atoms themselves have wavelengths of vibration outside the visible spectrum we wouldn't see the string that was vibrating 27 times a second!"

"Would it still exist?"

"Of course!"

"How could we hear the sound?"

Toni said," Well, we hear the sound of many electronic components vibrating above the threshold even though we can't see the objects vibrating! We can hear up to 30,000 vibes per second! Elements making these sounds aren't visibly in motion to us!"

"So...?"Toni asked,"Does this mean that it is possible that the capsules are still there, their atoms vibrating faster than the environmental surround?"

Harold slapped his knee. "Damn right! " he said, "That must be it! I can't imagine those capsules going across space without all that substance creating a hell of a commotion!"

Toni said,"But something did go! The Boss Computer recorded the passage of energies towards the Southwest Sector!"

"Listen!" Harold said, his hands sweeping out an attention span as if he was preparing to write on a blackboard," I just had a really complicated notion! Suppose that in The Fullness of Things real, there is

a necessary stack of energies(or shades as the spirit people call them!) for every visible person or thing! Let's say that the top level which we identify as the visible level between 4100 and 7100 angstroms is taken away and the other levels remain! This would almost be a copy of the capsules, wouldn't it?

Toni said, "I see! You mean someone made copies of the capsules?"

"Not here though! Think of it as if one part of the whole taken from here will generate the rest of the whole elsewhere!"

"And wha t's left here can regenerate the missing part again?"

"That's what I think!" decided Harold.

Sum Lee said," But this would mean there could be identical copies of the same thing in many different existences at the same time, dependent for number on how finely you could divide the original in terms of source templates!"

"Very good!" Harold said," I will insist though that not one of these copies is "the same identity" as any of the others, because the energies of each existence are different from one another, if only on the basis of difference in location! I a gree with Gertrude Stein when she said a rose is a rose is a rose!"

"What in hell has that got to do with it?" Toni asked.

"Just this, Mr. Smart! Gertrude meant that every single rose was different from every other rose!"

"How?"

"I've seen it! Be scientific and measure it out for yourself! There are no two precisely-the-same roses!"

"You accent "precisely" ?"

"Of course! Science is science! If you're not precise it isn't science! Anyone can be sloppy!"

Harold said," So we have the idea of doppelgangers out in the light of day!"

Sum Lee's mouth dropped open."Doppelgangers! But the spiritists claim they're doubles of the same person!"

Harold said," But we just proved they can't be the same person! But they are pairs all right! Even as a pair of roses is a pair, even though they're entirely different roses!"

"So we're speaking of polarities of the same being and we're saying these are complex variables within the set referred to as "the same"?"

Harold smiled. " You really know how to say it Sum Lee! Not that anyone will agree, of course!"

"Why not?"

"It boggles the dialectics, that's why! Logic can't handle two aspects of the same being as differences of intrinsic structures. In logic this is described as a non sequitur!"

Toni said," Of course it is! Our experiences aren't sequential in same sorts! They're sequential in different sorts! Logics which insist it must be the same sorts drive people crazy!"

Harold sent a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling. "I'll tell you something. Anyone who says we can't think "because we're convicts" is crazy!"

Toni smiled. "Right! Tha t's only a logical conclusion! Experientially we feel a lot better than that! "

Sum Lee said," O.K. then, you heavy types! Go to work on that black space Dr. Altamore became frozen brussel sprouts in!"

Harold felt a little expansive after his third vodka: "Hell, I think it's just from the squeeze! Why does everyone think it's "outer space"? Because of the "stars" they figure they're seeing it, right? If it was just black that's all it would be! Black soup like the stuff The Bible speaks of on top of Mount Sinai at the time of Moses!"

Toni caught the mood." Brilliant, Harold! Damned brilliant! Wha t was that black cloud anyway?"

"Same thing as any black cloud of smoke! It doesn't reflect light amongst its particles because they're too small! The gamma energies must have been super fine!"

"To give the cloud unique distribution in space?"

"Of course! Nothing could stop anything that fine! It could penetrate anything!"

Sum Lee was staggered by his next thought:"So, it starts off in a higher energy zone as a ship, right? When it comes out of hyperspace into this hypodrome it's robbed of binding energies, and disintegrates into finest of particles! A shapeless blob! Arriving as a mist here, starting off as a solid!"

Harold said," Well, that may not be either! Perhaps only part of the ship was materialized here and the rest was left in other dimensions! Perhaps only a doorway was opened..."

"What are we saying about that black soup outside the walls of the capsule chamber then?"

"I think we're seeing matter that has been drained of its energies, with some spots of original light left in it!"

"Like a pool of genes?"

Sum Lee stared. "You mean to say that's the Martians?"

"At the moment they're a pool of energies!"

"Do you think tha t's wha t the walls of the chamber were also?"

"Yes! Martians held in stasis! When the stasis was broken the whole kit and kaboodle of them became this black plasma with a few souls in it still aware of themselves!"

"The rest in eternal night?"

"Yes! Awaiting regeneration into light beings!"

"Light beings?" squawked Harold, "Are you talking about djinns or something?"

"It sounds like we are!" Sum Lee finished drily.

Toni stared in disbelief at his friends. "What we need right now is padded cells for each of us!"

"Why?" Harold asked nonchalantly," These ideas are part of earth lore for centuries! Just because no one takes them seriously without having contempt for themselves as thinkers, is no reason at all for us to follow suit! I like these ideas! No one ever works on them until they get bit with facts unexplainable-by-ordinary-means, as we have been! Don't worry! There's lots of people much more bonkers than you'll ever be and their thoughts never get beyond safe little two-by-four conventions even once in a coon's age! Relax! Crazy people never think for a second that there's anything wrong with them at all!"

Sum Lee quoted," I am reminded of the famous Chinese proverb: Everyone's crazy except me and thee, and even thou art a little odd!"

"That's not Chinese!" Harold scoffed," That's English toffee!"

"Do you believe it?"

"Sure, don't you? You have to be really intelligent to see yourself as crazy!"

"What then?"

"What then what? No one else can prove it! Carry on! That's what! Crazy is probably only a temporary opinion of reality anyway!"

XXIV

Time Channel Corporation(TCC) headquarters was built on an island in the river flowing through Aldebaran's capital, Mero. Opposite the Assembly Halls with their ancient turretted spires. It was a striking contrast in sleek colored glassites and unconventional shapes of buildings. Itor stepped out of the service vehicle and walked up the ramp curving through the flower beds. His brother had asked him to come over. He had sounded excited, but wouldn't say wha t it was on the visiphone. Itor was a merchant, a buyer of gems. His brother Rorik was an expeditor with TCC. Itor wondered if it was going to be another boring session having to do with the family fortunes...

The visible channel components(VCCS) looked like an octahedronal crystal on its side. A crystal leading into a sealed dome full of the blackness of space. Anyone who stepped in there without being programmed for travel and passing through the focussing channel would be "dispersed" evenly throughout all space. There had been no executions like this on Aldebaran for many generations, so the dome was completely sealed, the "death chamber door" bricked over. TCC had successfully resisted this use of their facilities. Itor winced at the thought of Diaspora and then let it go as his brother Rorik started speaking to him about a project underway:

"The receiving chamber on Mars is still there! But it has become sub-dimensional!"

"Which means?" Itor asked cautiously.

"That we would be invisible to the Earthmen there if we arrived!"

"Arrived? But the capsules are sealed there! It was only a way station! I had no idea anyone could debark there!"

"It seems there is one unit!"

"One? What's it been used for? Potted plants?"

Rorik laughed. "Tha t's about the size of it all right! The platform of the flag station used for potted plants! I must remember that!"

"What use was it put to then?"

"As far as we can figure it out it has been used as an altar by the aborigines who apparently thought of it as "efficacious"!"

Itor smiled. "I guess so! In the old days I image the appearance of anyone in it was a Very Signal Event!"

"Truly! The "god-come-to-visit-us" sort of thing!"

TO BE CONTINUED